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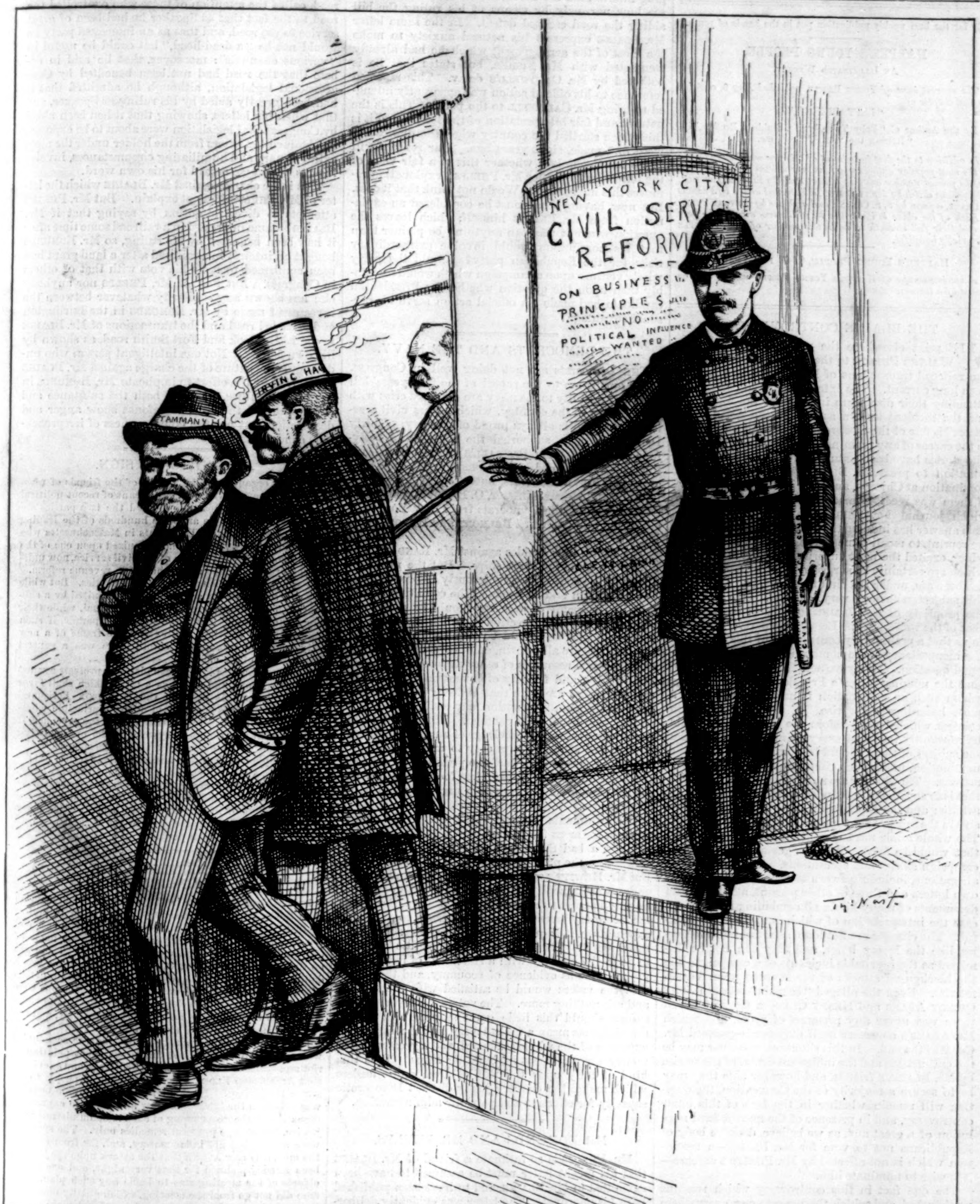

OUR NEW WATCHMAN, ROOSEVELT.

OUR POLITICAL "BOSS AND HENCHMAN" MUST GO.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1884.

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THE BLAINE CONTROVERSY.

WE print elsewhere the reply of Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS to the statements concerning the railroad transactions of Mr. BLAINE which have been long current. The extraordinary circumstances attending their disclosure in 1876 are not forgotten, and the incident known as that of the "MULLIGAN letters" is one of the most remarkable and unpleasant in the career of any prominent public man of the time. The stories have been naturally revived by the determination to press Mr. BLAINE for the Presidential nomination at Chicago, and a plain statement of some of them was recently made in the *Evening Post*, to which journal Mr. PHELPS'S answer is addressed. This answer has induced the *Post*, in an article which we reprint, to recall some of the letters of Mr. BLAINE which excited the most surprise eight years ago, and which are certainly as surprising as ever.

There are, under the circumstances, two aspects of this subject, which are very different. One is that of the propriety of Mr. BLAINE'S conduct; the other is that of the welfare of the Republican party. It seems to us that a preliminary controversy of this kind puts the inexpediency of the nomination of Mr. BLAINE beyond question. Every earnest Republican must feel that the nomination of a Presidential candidate for whom such an explanation is necessary would be a most hazardous enterprise. A defense from such charges which begins before the nomination would be constantly forced at every point the moment that the subject of them should be nominated, and such a nomination, under such circumstances, would be disastrous. The charges are not "made of whole cloth"; that is to say, they are founded upon undeniable transactions; and the explanation is certainly not conclusive in the sense of showing that there can be no doubt. The whole affair must be still an open question, and that would be fatal. The charges are not ordinary campaign stories and accusations. They are definite allegations, including sworn testimony, Mr. BLAINE'S own letters and those of other persons, affidavits, and documents of many kinds, all combining to present a case the interpretation of which is at the best doubtful. The charges are not loose assertions and forgeries, like the Morey letter, and they can not be dismissed as the inevitable incidents of a campaign, like the blackguard attacks of the *Aurora* upon WASHINGTON. Even the alleged "bargain" between JOHN QUINCY ADAMS and HENRY CLAY—a story of which there was never any pretense of proof, and which Mr. ADAMS'S character itself disproved—pursued Mr. CLAY to the end. In this situation, whatever may be the enthusiasm and the indignant denial of the stories by Mr. BLAINE'S friends, and however able they may be to secure a majority of the Convention, the question will remain whether in the face of this bitter controversy, and in presence of the known fixed resolution of a great and, as we believe, decisive body of Republicans not to vote for Mr. BLAINE—a resolution which is not affected by Mr. PHELPS'S defense—it is wise to nominate him.

The one fact in this controversy which remains undisturbed, and which the honest voter everywhere will plainly comprehend, is this: In the spring of 1869 Mr. BLAINE, as Speaker, made a ruling in favor of the Little Rock Railroad securing to it a government land grant, which passed on April 9. Soon afterward it appeared that Mr. BLAINE was very desirous of obtaining an interest in building the road, and on June 29 he wrote to his friend Mr. FISHER, the contractor, who had made him some offer, asking that Mr. CALDWELL, who then controlled the enterprise, should make him (Mr. BLAINE) a definite proposition to enable him to acquire the interest that he desired. On the 2d of July he renews the suggestion. Mr. CALDWELL apparently not responding, Mr. BLAINE writes again, on the 4th of October, to his intermediary, Mr. FISHER, and tells the story of his ruling, showing that he, as Speaker, saved the road, and authorizing Mr. FISHER to tell Mr. CALDWELL that thus, without knowing it, he (Mr. BLAINE) had done him a great favor. On the same day he writes another letter to Mr. FISHER, urging him to read the *Globe*, which he sends him, and see how narrowly, by means of his ruling, the bill aiding the road escaped defeat. In the same letter Mr. BLAINE expresses his natural anxiety to make the most of the arrangement which he had already completed with Mr. FISHER, but states that he is bothered by Mr. CALDWELL'S delay. This repeated reference to his official action was apparently intended to bring Mr. CALDWELL to the point. This is the natural and fair interpretation of the letters, and it is this which startled the country when the disclosures were first made, eight years ago. Our readers will judge for themselves whether this is a fair view of the letters, and whether Mr. PHELPS'S explanation removes this impression. We do not think that it does. But now, having what must be considered an explanation from Mr. BLAINE himself, which leaves the question where it was, can anything be plainer than that his nomination would involve extraordinary risks for the Republican party? Could the party wisely venture upon a campaign which would inevitably turn upon the question whether its Presidential candidate had made his official action serve his personal advantage?

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE NAVY.

THE Democrats are not doing well in Congress. Their opposition to the repeal of the four years' bill and their hostility to the navy are not good cries with which to go to the country, which favors civil service reform, and is always proud of its navy. Thirty Democrats, only, supported the repeal, and forty-four voted against Mr. RANDALL'S proposition to leave the cruisers unarmed. Mr. DORSHEIMER has put the argument for a moderate but effective navy very forcibly, and Messrs. HEWITT, O. B. POTTER, and SLOCUM are among the Democrats from New York who supported him. Messrs. BELMONT and HUTCHINS did not vote.

The House thus decides against Mr. RANDALL, and authorizes guns for three ships. But the naval defenses of the country are ludicrously disproportioned to its situation and its needs. The condition is such that in the event of war we should be practically helpless in the very direction in which we were once so strong; and we should be helpless notwithstanding the facts are all known, and the power, the speed, and the naval resources of other nations are familiar. The rapidity and fertility of invention both in ships and projectiles are such that a sleepy or headstrong or foolishly penurious nation may easily find itself at an immense naval disadvantage. There is no better peacemaker than the knowledge of ample and assured power; and although it is easy to make the maxim "In peace prepare for war" the pretense for extravagant expenditure, yet it is no less foolish to allow the desire for economy to restrict a necessary and patriotic expense.

The arguments that are urged against the appropriation for arms for the cruisers are that Mr. ROBESON was a bad Secretary of the Navy, and that Mr. CHANDLER, the present Secretary, is not to be trusted. But Mr. HEWITT'S specific charge of this kind the other day was immediately and decisively disproved, and nobody has ventured to bring any other. Besides, if the Secretary were an improper person to direct the expenditure, it is quite enough to say that he would not direct it. The game of the Democratic leaders is to go to the country with a statement of reduced appropriations as evidence of economy, and they trust that the voters would be satisfied with the figures, and ask nothing more. The voters, however, will be shown, should this little game succeed, that the reduced figures mean a useless navy, and the dangerous exposure of the whole sea-board, and a gross waste of money already spent in building ships. It is this kind of folly upon the part of Democratic leaders which makes the country justly distrust Democratic capacity for effective and patriotic administration.

MR. EDMUNDS AND MR. PHELPS.

MR. PHELPS is so intimate a friend of Mr. BLAINE that his recent letter must be assumed to have been submitted to Mr. BLAINE, and to have been published with his approval. The letter was evidently deliberately prepared with the purpose of giving to the friends of Mr. BLAINE the key-note of an attack upon Mr. EDMUNDS. That note was the assertion that if Mr. BLAINE was guilty, Mr. EDMUNDS was not less so. But guilty of what? Here is the precise point at which the letter of Mr. PHELPS fails in candor, by representing the charge against Mr. BLAINE to be other than it really is.

Mr. PHELPS, and we assume with the approval of Mr. BLAINE, says that Mr. EDMUNDS, like Mr. BLAINE, became interested in railroad property after he had taken part in legislative action for its benefit, and that if this was right in Mr. EDMUNDS, as Mr. PHELPS avers that it is, it can not be wrong in Mr. BLAINE. The moral inference which Mr. PHELPS leaves the reader to draw is that this is all that Mr. BLAINE is alleged to have done. But this is not the alleged offense of Mr. BLAINE. The assertion made upon the evidence of his own letters and of official records is that Mr. BLAINE, desiring an interest in a certain railroad, called the attention of those who controlled the road to the fact that as Speaker he had been of great service to the road, and that as an interested party he would not be "a dead-head," but could be useful in "various channels": moreover, that he said in debate that the road had not been benefited by Congressional legislation, although he admitted that it had been greatly aided by his ruling as Speaker, and that when his letters, showing that it had been aided by Congressional legislation were about to be exposed, he obtained the letters from the holder under the most extraordinary and humiliating circumstances, involving his honorable regard for his own word.

This is the charge against Mr. BLAINE which the letter of Mr. PHELPS does not explain. But Mr. PHELPS attempts to divert attention by saying that if Mr. BLAINE became interested in a railroad some time after it had been benefited by his ruling, so Mr. EDMUNDS bought an interest in a railroad after a land grant had been confirmed to it by his vote with that of others in Congress. But neither Mr. PHELPS nor anybody else has shown any similarity whatever between the investment made by Mr. EDMUNDS in the Burlington and Missouri road and the transactions of Mr. BLAINE in the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, as shown by his own letters. Not one intelligent person who understands the nature of the charge against Mr. BLAINE is deceived by the effort to implicate Mr. EDMUNDS in similar difficulties. Indeed, both the substance and the method of the BLAINE defense show anger and desperation, but not the consciousness of irreproachable conduct.

A SIGNIFICANT SIGN.

THE late organization in Boston of the friends of revenue reform is one of the most significant of recent political events. The old issues that divided the two parties are largely settled, and here are some hundreds of the leading Republicans and leading Democrats in Massachusetts who are already heartily united and organized upon one of the actual issues of to-day, reform of the civil service, now uniting and organizing upon the other issue, revenue reform.

They adhere traditionally to their old parties. But while they are separated by a name, they are united by a substance. Their disagreement is largely formal, while their agreement is real. Thus, quite without parade, if such leagues should multiply and extend, the frame of a new party would be constructed before there was a general consciousness of the change.

The Massachusetts Republican platform protests against a surplus revenue, and demands a tariff which shall favor American labor. It opposes the MORRISON horizontal scheme, because it is constructed upon no principle whatever, and may increase rather than reduce the revenue. It demands that the reformed system in the national civil service shall be extended, and that the same principles shall be applied to the State and municipal service. It demands, also, a free ballot and a fair count in every State. This platform and the revenue reform organization show the wise spirit which would secure to the Republican party the cordial support of intelligent voters by making the party truly progressive and responsive to the highest and best demands of the American people.

THE PUBLIC MEETING AND THE MOB AT CINCINNATI.

IT is evident that there is still serious misapprehension as to the relation of the meeting in Cincinnati to protest against the miscarriage of justice in the BERNER case and the mob that followed, and justice to the good name of Cincinnati requires that it should be corrected. There was no doubt whatever of BERNER'S guilt. The crime was a deliberate and cruel murder. He had confessed the details seven times, and twice in writing. The confessions were proved to the jury. The charge of the judge was in effect a direction to the jury to find the prisoner guilty, and the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter.

It was felt to be a wicked verdict, and the community was profoundly startled. A dangerous spirit pointing to riot and lynch-law was evident immediately, and so evident that Archbishop ELDER warned the excited people to restrain themselves. In this situation the public meeting was called, in the interests of law and order, to express indignation at the gross wrong of such maladministration of justice, but to urge peaceful remedies only. The speeches were ardent, but not inflammatory, and, far from inciting the mob, it is now known that the attack upon the jail had been already planned for that very night, and one of the objects of the meeting was to baffle any such plan. The mob did not go from the meeting, which quietly dispersed, but moved some time afterward from a spot more than a mile away. The riot would have occurred had the meeting not been held, and the meeting itself was a moral protest against it.

Moreover, the resolute conduct of the sheriff, although at

a great cost, maintained the law and prevented the massacre of the twenty-three prisoners. Very possibly they deserved the extremest punishment, but not at the cost of overthrowing every safeguard of social order. The sheriff has been blamed, but the maintenance of lawful order is always worth what it costs, because when that goes, everything goes. The bills prepared by the committee appointed at the meeting have been approved by the committee of the Bar Association, and as law they will do much to remove the stigma which not so much the riot as the notorious failure of justice had thrown upon the good name of Cincinnati.

WHAT MATTHEW ARNOLD DID NOT SAY.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is so friendly to this country, and of so singularly frank and simple a nature, that it is a little hard he should have been made the butt of so much ridicule and fun. But the reader must beware of believing much that floats through the papers which affects his common courtesy and good manners. Soon after he came we showed how ludicrously the truth was perverted in a story of what he had said of Mr. EMERSON, and the explanation left Mr. ARNOLD in the true light of a reverent admirer of Mr. EMERSON, which he is.

A recent story represents him as guilty of gross discourtesy at the home of Mr. LOWELL, in Cambridge. The house was said to be occupied by Mrs. OLE BULL, who had invited Mr. ARNOLD to call upon her, and the story proceeds: "The place is always beautiful and inviting, and on this occasion was particularly attractive, as Mrs. OLE BULL had, with her usual good taste, adorned the house with flowers in honor of her expected guest. Mr. ARNOLD was conducted through the various rooms, and returned to the library, which is a bright, beautiful room, besides being rich in associations with the distinguished owner. Mr. ARNOLD made no remark during the survey, but when it was ended said, "How dreary it will be for him when he comes back!"

Such a remark might have been made in badinage, and it would have been only a good-natured jest. But it turns out that Mrs. OLE BULL did not receive Mr. ARNOLD at Mr. LOWELL'S house, and that the remark was not made. As the *Literary World* truly says, the story would not have become current if it had not accorded with the popular idea of Mr. ARNOLD. But, we repeat, so far as that impression is that of an unfriendly observer, discourteous to this country, nothing could be more unfounded.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. EDMUNDS AND MR. PHELPS.

THE attack of Mr. PHELPS upon Mr. EDMUNDS has produced the following correspondence:

"UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., *April* 28, 1884.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read your letter in defense of Mr. BLAINE in the Sunday *Tribune*, and also the editorial of the *Tribune* thereon, in which you say, 'Senator EDMUNDS was understood to have a block of Burlington and Missouri securities,' and 'Senator EDMUNDS acquired these interests in the Burlington and Missouri road when they were in the Senate. They both supported the bill to restore the land grant to their road.'

"These statements, taken in connection with the rest of your letter, evidently mean that at the time of the legislation referred to I was in some way interested in that road or its securities, and the editorial in the *Tribune* states expressly, as being your statement, that thing. Both yourself and the *Tribune* are totally mistaken. I have hunted up what I supposed to be the joint resolution to which you refer, being Senate joint resolution No. 29, First Session, Forty-first Congress, of which I had no recollection whatever before; but I see, on looking at the *Congressional Globe* of that time, that I did make a single remark on the subject of the House amendment, which remark I commend to your careful consideration. I had not at that time, and never had before, any ownership or interest in any bond or stock of that road or any other out of the State of Vermont, and never expected to have, and had no more connection with the passage of the joint resolution than you had, and knew no more than you (which I assume was nothing at all), excepting what may be inferred from my remark on the House amendment. More than three months afterward, and on the 13th of July, 1869, I find, on looking at my old books, I subscribed for 195 shares of the stock and $6000 of the bonds of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company in Nebraska, which, I assume, was a road in some way affected by the legislation referred to. I paid in cash the same price that all other subscribers did, and had the stock for several years, when I sold it in the Boston market at the market price and no more; and then, or afterward, bought more of the bonds of the same company, which I still hold.

"This is the whole story, and I give you authority to verify it by an examination of the books of the company in Boston, or an examination of my books, or both. It is of some consequence among men who intend to be truthful, as I do not doubt you do, to be somewhat accurate in making statements about the acts and doings of other people. If you or anybody else wish to know anything concerning my business or other transactions at any time, I shall be happy to put you in possession of precise information, so that you will be certain that what you say is true. I am neither willing nor desirous to be either candidate or President, which everybody who has ever spoken or written to me upon the subject knows. But as I naturally like to stand well in the estimation of my fellow-citizens, I dislike to be accused of either corruption, bias, selfishness, or acting on public questions in which I have a private interest, when such accusations are untrue. Respectfully yours,

"GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

"*Hon. William Walter Phelps, House of Representatives.*"

REPLY OF MR. PHELPS.

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C., *April* 28, 1884.

"DEAR SIR,—I have this moment your letter of this morning, and hasten to correct some impressions you have gotten either from my letter to the *Post*, or more probably from some of the numerous newspaper comments. I regret if you think that in using your name as an illustration of a principle I have in any way hurt your reputation. It is a reputation of which you and the country may well be proud, and, as I said in my letter, the facts do not and ought not hurt any man's reputation. The principle I sought to illustrate was that a legislator has no right to refuse justice to corporate interests because he happens to have some share in the property that would be benefited, and that it was not necessarily a wrong thing for a legislator to acquire an interest in a corporate property after legislative action in which he had assisted, and I cited as an illustration your conduct and that of many other legislators, which neither I nor any else censured. Then I asked why such conduct was censurable in Mr. BLAINE and not in any one else. Mr. BLAINE did not vote, but did rule so that the Little Rock and Fort Smith road got its land grant confirmed, knowing no more of the road at the time than I did, and forgot the fact. Three months afterward Mr. BLAINE bought his interest in that road. You voted—because the assent was unanimous, and you were present—to confirm the land grant of the Burlington and Missouri road, knowing at that time a little more of it than I did, for you debated it; you forgot the fact; three months afterward you bought your interest in that road. The cases were so analogous in all essential particulars that it seemed proper to group them. Had I thought the action of either of you discreditable, I should not have defended him nor mentioned you. Where is there any lack of accuracy in my 'statements about other people'? I said, 'Senator EDMUNDS was understood to have a block of Burlington and Missouri road when he was in the Senate.' You say on July 13, 1869, you subscribed for 195 shares of the stock and $6000 of the bonds of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company. I am inaccurate in these statements, then, only in case you were not a member of the Senate on July 13, 1869, and in case stocks and bonds do not constitute a block. I said, 'They both [you and another] supported the bill to restore the land grant to their road.' You say on this point nothing accurately. You had only to say you 'voted against the bill.' Had you done this, I would cheerfully admit my inaccuracy; but the official record shows you present and speaking upon the resolution at the moment of its passage, and the record shows that it passed without a vote against it.

"If the *Tribune* misapprehended me as saying you were in any way interested in the road at the time of the passage of the resolution, it is responsible, and not I. I suspect it can take care of itself, and prefers to. I made no such representation, directly or by implication. Such a fact would destroy the parallelism between your case and Mr. BLAINE'S. He had no interest in the road at the time of the passage of the resolution, as you had none. He acquired his interest in Boston three months after, just as you acquired yours in Boston three months after. I think my statements were as accurate as popular language could make them. Had I thought them 'a charge,' I could have used the technical language of a legal pleading, but such language would not have stated the facts more fairly. I do not want to know anything of your business transactions, except these facts which the public has long known, and of which you need not be ashamed; nor do I need any other evidence than your own word for anything you choose to communicate. The fact that you, like your great associates, do not escape the misrepresentation of the press has never shaken my entire confidence in your honor and honesty; nor need I add that I have been long in a school where I have learned to sympathize with public men who are falsely and perpetually accused of corruption, bias, and selfishness, and of acting upon public questions in which they have private interests. Nor have they been exempt from such penalties of greatness though neither willing nor desirous to be either candidate or President, and naturally liking to stand well in the estimation of their fellow-citizens. Such expressions of envy are always a penalty of greatness, and can be only escaped by obscurity.

"The disposition of this letter is in your hands.

"I am, Mr. Senator, with high esteem, respectfully yours,

"WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.

"*Hon. George F. Edmunds, United States Senate.*"

REPLY OF MR. EDMUNDS.

"UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, *April* 30, 1884.

"DEAR SIR,—I have yours dated 28th inst., which was left at my house late last evening. According to your permission, any of the gentlemen of the press who desire it will be permitted to take copies of my note and yours.

"The statement in your public letters, together with the facts referred to in my note, will show what the point was. With your arguments and conclusions I have no concern. Respectfully yours,

"GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

"*The Hon. William Walter Phelps, House of Representatives.*"

PERSONAL.

"MISTAKES in governing children," says a New York author, "arise from supposing that family government exists for the good of the parents, whereas really it exists for the good of the children, as is seen in the fact that the older the children grow, the less government they get. I do not believe in striking a child. It is often the easiest way to deal with him, but it does not argue much cleverness in ways and means on the part of the father, mother, or school-teacher who strikes."

—Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, the distinguished actor, is acquainted personally with but few members of his profession. He prefers the society of literary men, of painters, and of sculptors to that of actors, and is very much at home in the studios that he frequents. In personal appearance Mr. BOOTH is getting to resemble his celebrated father, JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

—An interesting prompter's book of *Richelieu* is one that once belonged to the late EDWIN FORREST, and is now owned by a lady in this city. Its margins are boldly and heavily marked in ink by the pen of Mr. FORREST, which has been careful to cut out everything of importance from the parts taken by the other actors. As it stands it is a pleasing and suggestive illustration of the chief beauties of the star system.

—Some of the reporters who saw Miss TERRY off, on board the *Aurania*, gave marvellous accounts of her utterances. "Say," she is alleged to have said, "that I love everybody in America. Say farewell to all my dear friends, and say to them that I said, 'God bless them.'" As the charming actress was three hundred miles or so out on the Atlantic when these wonderful commands appeared in cold type, the active and ardent recorder of them was safe from being confronted by her denial. Still, it is amusing to read these steamer farewells.

—The memorial exhibition of GEORGE FULLER'S works in Boston represents something more than the perfunctory benevolence of a dead artist's friends in behalf of his widow and children. It marks a period in American art. Although special attention is undoubtedly due to the beautiful painting of the nude in the "Arethusa," there are ideal traits in the "Winnifred Dysart," exhibited a few years ago in this city, and now in the memorial exhibition, which surpass those of any other American figure painting. A hundred years to come, Boston will be proud of GEORGE FULLER.

—Madame PATTI, according to one of the directors of the Academy of Music, did not receive any five thousand dollars a night. That sum, he says, was only an advertising dodge. Among musical people on Fourteenth Street the opinion is freely expressed that the illustrious diva's fee was about two thousand dollars a performance. Madame PATTI'S fortune is not believed to be large.

—HERBERT SPENCER: "In most cases, so far from thinking legislators to be deserving of punishment for causing disasters by laws ignorantly enacted, we scarcely think them deserving of reprobation. We forget that before bad laws are abolished they have generally been inflicting evils more or less serious, some for a few years, some for tens of years, some for centuries. Change your vague idea of a bad law into a definite idea of it as an agency operating on people's lives, and you see that it means so much of pain, so much of illness, so much of mortality. A vicious form of legal procedure, either enacted or tolerated, entails on suitors costs, or delay, or defeat. What do these imply? Loss of money, often ill spared; great and prolonged anxiety; frequently consequent illness; unhappiness of families and dependents; children stinted in food and clothing—all of them miseries which bring after them multitudinous remoter miseries."

—The Kirmess at the Metropolitan Opera-house in aid of the Skin and Cancer Hospital was a bright and alluring spectacle, of which Madame NILSSON and a hundred New York ladies were vital parts. The late Dr. L. DUNCAN BULKLEY, the first medical officer of the institution, said that careful study demonstrates beyond peradventure that the nearer the condition of a patient in a hospital approaches that of a member of a well-ordered household, the better are his chances for recovery; and the successful Kirmess festival will do much toward realizing that happy condition for many suffering men and women.

—No religious man, writes the Rev. Canon CURTEIS, need shrink from saying: "I am a Christian agnostic; I hold firmly by the doctrine of St. PAUL, who exclaims, in sheer despair of fathoming the unfathomable, 'Oh, the depth of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and inscrutable His ways!'"

—Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE desires his readers to discriminate between listening to MATTHEW ARNOLD and reading him: "It is well known that some of the ablest Englishmen scandalously neglect the elementary rules of elocution. In the United States almost every person, from the farmer who speaks in a town meeting to the accomplished orator who addresses the Senate of the country, considers that the second part of his sentence should be as audible as the first. As far as we have heard eminent English speakers who have addressed American audiences, we have been surprised at the difference between the effect produced by what they speak and the effect produced by what they write."

—Professor HENRY F. OSBORN, of Princeton, has been making a very interesting study of "a very odd sentiment that sometimes comes over us, namely, that the situation in which we find ourselves at a given moment is not new, but merely the repetition of a former one. We exclaim inwardly, 'Why, I have seen or thought all this before!'"

—In depicting the "grievances of working-men," Mr. WILLIAM GODWIN MOODY thinks that our petty thieves, robbers, and murderers are harmless in comparison with the plutocratic class. "The former class spends its force in stealing a loaf of bread, robbing an occasional traveller, or cutting an individual throat. But the plutocratic class systematically steals the subsistence alike of strong men and weak women and children. They rob and starve communities; they kill and destroy nations." On the other hand, Professor J. L. LAUGHLIN justly observes how often working-men overlook the fact that no one can himself gain wealth except by sacrifice, exertion, and skill, and that he who exhibits these qualities, be he white, black, or yellow, has a just right to enjoy the products of his exertion.

—There are innumerable miscreants, remarks an English essayist, who thrive upon the possession of some discreditable family secret or family skeleton, which throws a desolating blight over many a life to all appearance surrounded by every comfort and luxury wealth can command. Scoundrels of this description, secure in the helplessness of their victims, pursue with impunity their merciless system of extortion, being well aware that the terror of exposure is so great that silence will be purchased at any price. If persons who are threatened by ruffians of this kind with exposure of some private matter were once and for all to refuse to pay one penny for the silence of these extortioners, how much misery would be avoided!

—Common colds, according to a late writer, are either pooh-poohed or made much of. Too much care can not be taken to get rid of them, for they may destroy the most robust constitution, or may entail very serious inconvenience and waste of time. The sensible plan is to harden one's self as much as possible by not being too much afraid of cold when one is perfectly well, and when a cold has been taken, to do one's hardest to get rid of it at once.

—SAINTE-BEUVE, in the last years of his life, paid this compliment to MATTHEW ARNOLD'S knowledge of French: "You have passed through French life and literature by a deep inner line which confers initiation, and which you will never lose."

—The Duke of Argyll: "All nature is full of the love of ornament, and the habitations of creatures, even in the lowest scale of being, are rich in coloring and in carving of the most exquisite and elaborate decoration. It is only an ignorant and uncultivated spirit which denounces the same love of ornament in man, and it is a stupid doctrine which sees in it nothing more than a waste of means."

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE: "To judge from his writings, BYRON knew nothing of men; of women he knew that it was not difficult to wheedle those who were not unwilling to be wheedled. He also knew that excess of any kind entails a more or less violent and a more or less permanent reaction; and here his philosophy of life subsided into tittering or snivelling silence."

—The relation of Mr. HENRY IRVING to the American stage is a subject in many mouths, now that the English artist is on his way home, after an extremely prosperous tour in this country. It seems certain that one result of his visit will be that dramatic managers will find it more difficult to meet the public taste. The luxurious and complete fashion in which Mr. IRVING has set SHAKESPEARE on the stage is likely either to stimulate the managers, or to deter them from representing SHAKESPEARE at all. As for Miss TERRY, there is at present no American actress who, so far as the public knows, can rival her in comedy of the Beatrice order.

—If gentlemen when leaving a smoking-car of a railroad train will be careful not to hold their cigars in front of them, the overcoats of passengers who happen to precede them will not be burned by contact with those cigars when a sudden start of the train throws passengers backward.

—The death of Mr. SAMUEL F. DONNELLY, a reporter for the *Sun*, in the discharge of his duties at a fire in New York city, has directed attention to the perils encountered by a gallant and useful class of citizens. The modern reporter, as American journalism understands the term, is altogether a modern product. The Greeks never knew him, nor is he known to any other nation but the United States. It is only a truism to say that he is the spirit and the frame-work of contemporaneous American journalism. Brave as a soldier, pushing as a Yankee peddler, self-sacrificing in collecting news, self-effacing in recording it, loyal to his newspaper as an unreconstructed politician to his boss, tireless, never satisfied, the modern reporter is also, in a very real sense, a creator and adjustor of great destinies.

—GEORGE GRISWOLD, who died at Dresden, Saxony, on the 26th of April, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, was a representative New York shipping merchant of the old clipper period. The house of N. L. & G. GRISWOLD—known down-town thirty years ago as "No Loss and Great Gain GRISWOLD"—gave an immense impulse to the building of those beautiful and fast clipper vessels which were the pride of Americans and the envy of the rest of the world. The fame of this country belonged at that time in large measure to the magnificent enterprise of her shipping merchants, who sent the Stars and Stripes around the globe in vessels that beat all other vessels in speed and comeliness. There was more pride and excitement in the New York newspapers and the New York streets over the runs of our clippers than to-day are produced by the publication of any news whatever.

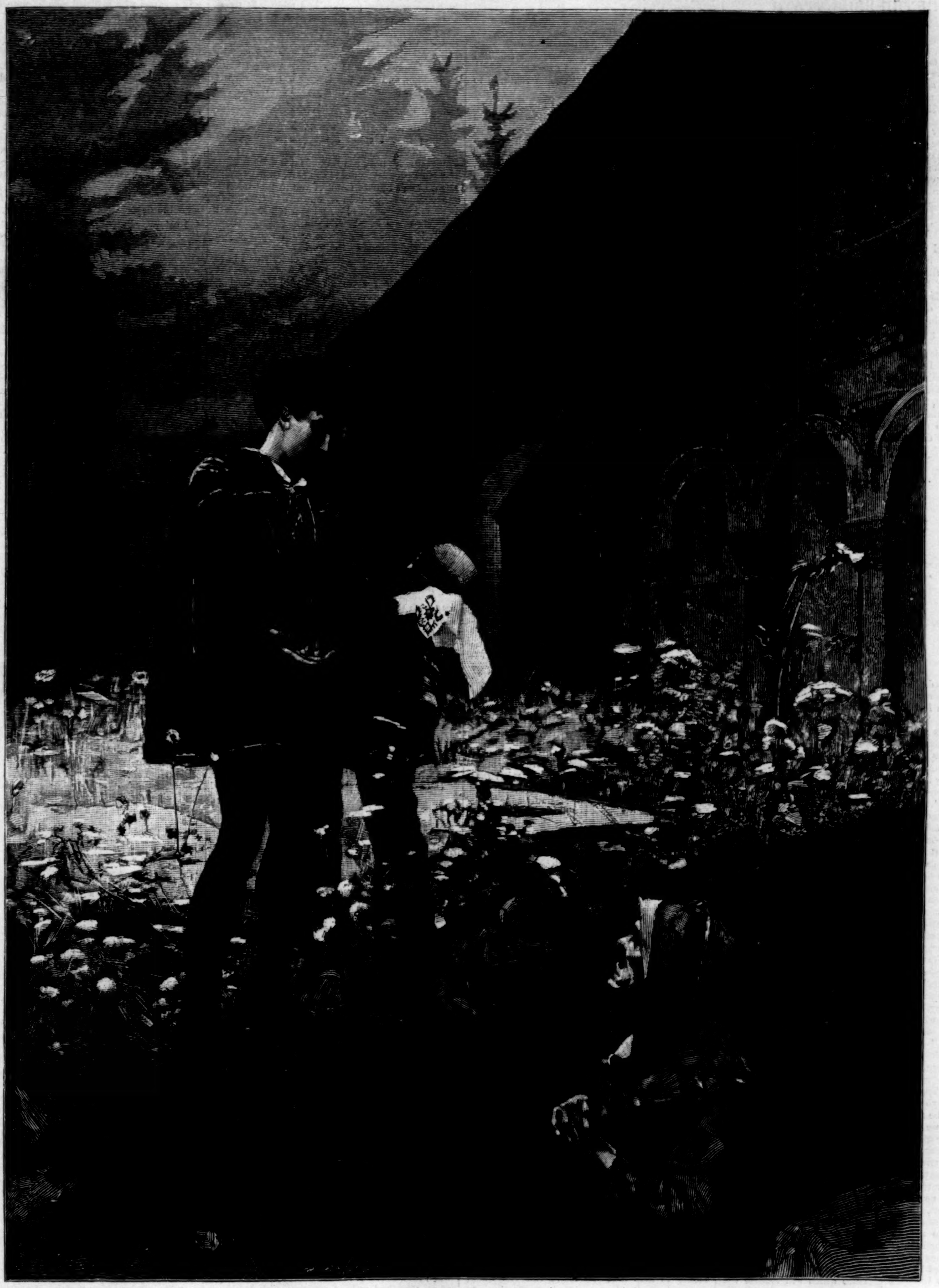
—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, always felicitous of speech (it was he who once said, in discussing the nature of originality, that the thought belongs to the man who has expressed it best), tells our English brothers that "there is no poet who has given greater variety or shown more originality" than ROBERT BROWNING. "He is of all others the masculine, the virile poet." A similar estimate might be made of Mr. LOWELL himself, so far, at least, as American poets are concerned; and he probably did not mean to say that, in the qualities which he enumerates, BROWNING is superior to SHAKESPEARE.

—From Paris comes the announcement of the death of ANNIE LÉONIE Baronne DAUMESNIL. She was ninety-two years old. Her father was GARAT, first President of the Bank of France, who was in his cell awaiting death when the fall of ROBESPIERRE saved him. Her husband was that General DAUMESNIL who defended Vincennes against the allies in 1848, and on being summoned to surrender, only answered: "I will capitulate when you give me back the leg I lost at Lutzen."

—The ex-Empress EUGÉNIE still clings to Chiselhurst, and is now negotiating for a new residence, an estate known as "Coopers," which is larger and more attractive than Camden, where she so long has lived, and is particularly acceptable to EUGÉNIE, as it commands a view of the tomb where her husband and son are buried.

1. Red Irish Setter. 2. Scotch Collie. 3. English Greyhound. 4. Danish Dog. 5. English Setter. 6. Spaniel. 7. Pointer. 8. Irish Water-Spaniel. 9. Newfoundland. 10. Rough-coated St. Bernard. 11. Pug. 12. Bull-Dog. 13. Straight-legged Dachshund. 14. Scotch Terrier. 15. English Mastiff. 16. Berghund. 17. Bent-legged Dachshund. 18. Fox-Hound. 19. Fox-Terrier.

SPECIMENS FROM THE DOG SHOW.—Drawn by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 299.]



"POOR YORICK!"—FROM THE PAINTING BY DAGNON BOUVERET, PARIS SALON, 1884.

THE PARIS SALON.

THE exhibition of the Paris Salon was opened on the 30th of April at the Palais d'Industrie. The day was bright and warm, and the occasion drew together a brilliant representation of art, literature, and fashion. "The colors of the toilets," says the cable dispatch to the New York *Herald*, "furnished by WORTH or FELIX vied with those of the works of BOUGUEREAU, CONSTANT, and LEFEBVRE on the walls, and the odor of *poudre de riz* blended with that of the newly varnished paintings. Such a scene of enchantment can be witnessed nowhere else in the world but in Paris."

We give engravings of two of the most interesting pictures which this season adorn the walls of the Salon—"Poor Yorick," and "The Burial of Atala." The former requires no comment, but few readers of the present day are familiar with the romance of *Atala, the Beautiful Indian of the Mississippi*, by CHÂTEAUBRIAND, published in France in 1801. It formed an episode in a large work on the genius of Christianity, which was the signal of a literary and moral revolution, and contributed greatly to the revival of religious principles in France. Atala was a beautiful Indian princess who embraced Christianity, and was beloved by Chactas, the supposed narrator of the story. Atala had taken poison under a misapprehension of duty, and her burial, which forms the subject of the painting by M. COURTOIS, is thus described in the romance. Chactas is supposed to be speaking:

"The eastern horizon was now fringed with gold, the sparrow-hawks shrieked on the cliffs, and the sables hastened into the crevices of old elms; it was the time appointed for Atala's funeral. I took her senseless corpse on my shoulders; the hermit walked before me, carrying a spade; we descended from rock to rock. Old age and death equally retarded our steps. At the sight of the dog that had discovered us in the woods, and that now, skipping before us, showed the dismal road, I could not refrain from shedding floods of tears. Often did the long tresses of Atala, fanned by the morning gale, obscure my eyes; often, bending under the precious load, was I obliged to deposit my beloved on the grass to recover my strength. At last we reached the sad spot; we stopped under the arch. Oh, dear boy! what a melancholy scene! A young savage and a venerable priest were kneeling opposite each other, mournfully busy in digging a grave for a lovely maiden whose inanimate form lay stretched in a dry ravine.

"As soon as the dismal work was completed we placed the beauteous virgin in her earthy bed. Alas! I had hoped to prepare another couch for her. Taking some dust in my hand, I silently cast, for the last time, my haggard looks on Atala; then I spread the ancient earth on a face of eighteen springs."

IN THE BRIDLE-PATH.

They ride, they ride with slackened rein,
  Facing the sinking sun,
And he is telling her over again
  The tale that never is done—
The tale that's as old as the bending blue,
  And as old as the singing sea—
And it never has happened that one of two
  Marvelled what it could be.

It never has happened that one of two,
  Blithe boy, glad girl, together—
Who have felt that to love was enough to do
  In the sweet and the sunny weather—
But have found right words for the songs of birds
  In the greenery overhead;
For to build the nest in the spring is best,
  And 'tis best in the spring to wed.

Oh, and he rides at her bridle-rein,
  And he bends him to her ear,
With the musical tones of the old refrain
  That ladies delight to hear.
And his words are pleasant as rain that patters
  Low on the laughing leaves,
And kind as the cheery sun that flatters
  The gold of the harvest sheaves.

And his hand it is on her bridle-rein,
  And his look it is on her cheek—
He needs not to tell her over again
  Of the guerdon that he would seek—
But oh, the telling! 'tis like the smelling
  Of the mignonette and the rose;
For no matter how long you sing love's song,
  You can never come to its close!

Howard Glyndon.

"I SAY NO:"*

or,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XLII.

COOKING.

The day after the political meeting was a day of departures at the pleasant country house.

Miss Darnaway was recalled to the nursery at home. The old squire who did justice to Mr. Wyvil's port-wine went away next, having guests to entertain at his own house. A far more serious loss followed. The three dancing men had engagements which drew them to new spheres of activity in other drawing-rooms. They said, with the same dreary grace of manner, "Very sorry to go;" they drove to the railway, arrayed in the same perfect travelling suits of neutral tint; and they had but one difference of opinion among them—each firmly believed that he was smoking the best cigar to be got in London.

The morning after these departures would have been a dull morning indeed, but for the presence of Mirabel.

When breakfast was over, the invalid Miss Julia established herself on a sofa with a novel. Her father retired to the other end of the house, and profaned the art of music on music's most expressive instrument. Left with Emily, Cecilia, and Francine, Mirabel made one of his happy suggestions. "We are thrown on our own resources," he said. "Let us distinguish ourselves by inventing some entirely new amusement for the day. You young ladies shall sit in council, and I will be secretary." He turned to Cecilia. "The meeting waits to hear the mistress of the house."

Modest Cecilia appealed to her school friends for help, addressing herself in the first instance (by the secretary's advice) to Francine, as the eldest. They all noticed another change in this variable young person. She was silent and subdued, and she said, wearily, "I don't care what we do; shall we go out riding?"

The unanswerable objection to riding as a form of amusement was that it had been more than once tried already. Something clever and surprising was anticipated from Emily when it came to her turn. She, too, disappointed expectation. "Let us sit under the trees," was all she could suggest, "and ask Mr. Mirabel to tell us a story."

Mirabel laid down his pen, and took it on himself to reject this proposal. "Remember," he remonstrated, "that I have an interest in the diversions of the day. You can't expect me to be amused by my own story. I appeal to Miss Wyvil to invent a pleasure which will include the secretary."

Cecilia blushed and looked uneasy. "I think I have got an idea," she announced, after some hesitation. "May I propose that we all go to the keeper's lodge?" There her courage failed her, and she hesitated again.

Mirabel gravely registered the proposal, as far as it went. "What are we to do," he inquired, "when we get to the keeper's lodge?"

"We are to ask the keeper's wife," Cecilia proceeded, "to lend us her kitchen."

"To lend us her kitchen," Mirabel repeated. "And what are we to do in the kitchen?"

Cecilia looked down bashfully at her pretty hands crossed on her lap, and answered, softly,

"Cook our own luncheon."

Here was an entirely new amusement, in the most attractive sense of the word! Here was charming Cecilia's interest in the pleasures of the table so happily inspired, that the grateful meeting offered its tribute of applause, even including Francine. The members of the council were young; their daring digestions contemplated without fear the prospect of eating their own amateur cookery. The one question that troubled them now was what they were to cook.

"I can make an omelet," Cecilia ventured to say.

"If there is any cold chicken to be had," Emily added, "I undertake to follow the omelet with a mayonnaise."

"There are clergymen in the Church of England who are even clever enough to fry potatoes," Mirabel announced—"and I am one of them. What shall we have next? A pudding? Miss De Sor, can you make a pudding?"

Francine exhibited another new side to her character—a diffident and humble side. "I am ashamed to say I don't know how to cook anything," she confessed. "You had better leave me out of it."

But Cecilia was now in her element. Her plan of operations was wide enough even to include Francine. "You shall wash the lettuce, my dear, and stone the olives for Emily's mayonnaise. Don't be discouraged! You shall have a companion; we will send to the rectory for Miss Plym—the very person to chop parsley and shalot for my omelet. Oh, Emily, what a morning we are going to have!" Her lovely blue eyes sparkled with joy; she gave Emily a kiss which Mirabel must have been more or less than man not to have coveted. "I'm so excited," cried Cecilia, completely losing her head, "I don't know what to do with myself!"

Emily's intimate knowledge of her friend applied the right remedy. "Do your duty," she gravely suggested. "You must provide us with our materials. Give the cook your orders."

Cecilia instantly recovered her presence of mind. She sat down at the writing-table, and made out a list of eatable productions in the animal and vegetable world, in which every other word was underlined two or three times over. Her serious face was a sight to see when she rang for the cook, and the two held a privy council in a corner.

On the way to the keeper's lodge, the young mistress of the house headed a procession of servants carrying the materials. Francine followed, held in custody by Miss Plym—who took her responsibilities seriously, and clamored for instruction in the art of chopping parsley. Mirabel and Emily were together, far behind; they were the only two members of the company whose minds were not occupied in one way or another by the kitchen.

"This child's play of ours doesn't seem to interest you," Mirabel remarked.

"I am thinking," Emily answered, "of what you said to me about Francine."

"I can say something more," he rejoined. "When I noticed the change in her at dinner, I told you she meant mischief. There is another change to-day, which suggests to my mind that the mischief is done."

"And directed against me?" Emily asked.

Mirabel made no direct reply. It was impossible for *him* to remind her that she had, no matter how innocently, exposed herself to the jealous hatred of Francine. "Time will tell us what we don't know now," he replied, evasively.

"You seem to have faith in time, Mr. Mirabel."

"The greatest faith. Time is the inveterate enemy of deceit. Sooner or later every hidden thing is a thing doomed to discovery."

"Without exception?"

"Yes," he answered, positively, "without exception."

At that moment Francine stopped and looked back at them. Did she think that Emily and Mirabel had been talking together long enough? Miss Plym—with the parsley still on her mind—advanced to consult Emily's experience. The two walked on together, leaving Mirabel to overtake Francine. He saw, in her first look at him, the effort that it cost her to suppress those emotions which the pride of women is most deeply interested in concealing. Before a word had passed he regretted that Emily had left them together.

"I wish I had your cheerful disposition," she began, abruptly. "I am out of spirits, or out of temper—I don't know which—and I don't know why. Do you ever trouble yourself with thinking of the future?"

"As seldom as possible, Miss De Sor. In such a situation as mine most people have prospects—I have none."

He spoke gravely, conscious of not feeling at ease on his side. If he had been the most modest man that ever lived, he must have seen in Francine's face that she loved him.

When they had first been presented to each other she was still under the influence of the meanest instincts in her scheming and selfish nature. She had thought to herself, "With my money to help him, that man's celebrity would do the rest; the best society in England would be glad to receive Mirabel's wife."

As the days passed, strong feeling had taken the place of those contemptible aspirations: Mirabel had unconsciously inspired the one passion which was powerful enough to master Francine—sensual passion. Wild hopes rioted in her. Measureless desires which she had never felt before united themselves with capacities for wickedness, which had been the horrid growth of a few nights—capacities which suggested even viler attempts to rid herself of a supposed rivalry than slandering Emily by means of an anonymous letter. Without waiting for it to be offered she took Mirabel's arm and pressed it to her breast as they slowly walked on. The fear of discovery which had troubled her after she had sent her base letter to the post, vanished at that inspiriting moment. She bent her head near enough to him when he spoke to feel his breath on her face.

"There is a strange similarity," she said, softly, "between your position and mine. Is there anything cheering in *my* prospects? I am far away from home—my father and mother wouldn't care if they never saw me again. People talk about my money! What is the use of money to such a lonely wretch as I am? Suppose I write to London, and ask the lawyer if I may give it all away to some deserving person? Why not to you?"

"My dear Miss De Sor—!"

"Is there anything wrong, Mr. Mirabel, in wishing that I could make you a prosperous man?"

"You must not even talk of such a thing!"

"How proud you are!" she said, submissively. "Oh, I can't bear to think of you in that miserable village—a position so unworthy of your talents and your claims! And you tell me I must not talk about it. Would you have said that to Emily if she was as anxious as I am to see you in your right place in the world?"

"I should have answered her exactly as I have answered you."

"She will never embarrass you, Mr. Mirabel, by being as sincere as I am. Emily can keep her own secrets."

"Is she to blame for doing that?"

"It depends on your feeling for her."

"What feeling do you mean?"

"Suppose you heard she was engaged to be married?" Francine suggested.

Mirabel's manner—studiously cold and formal thus far—altered on a sudden. He looked with unconcealed anxiety at Francine. "Do you say that seriously?" he asked.

"I said, 'Suppose.' I don't exactly know that she is engaged."

"What *do* you know?"

"Oh, how interested you are in Emily! She is admired by some people. Are you one of them?"

Mirabel's experience of women warned him to try silence as a means of provoking her into speaking plainly. The experiment succeeded. Francine returned to the question that he had put to her, and abruptly answered it:

"You may believe me or not, as you like—I know of a man who is in love with her. He has had his opportunities, and he has made good use of them. Would you like to know who he is?"

"I should like to know anything which you may wish to tell me." He did his best to make the reply in a tone of commonplace politeness—and he might have succeeded in deceiving a man. The woman's quicker ear told her that he was angry. Francine took the full advantage of that change in her favor.

"I am afraid your good opinion of Emily will be shaken," she quietly resumed, "when I tell you that she has encouraged a man who is only drawing master at a school. At the same time, a person in her circumstances—I mean she has no money—ought not to be very hard to please. Of course she has never spoken to you of Mr. Alban Morris?"

"Not that I remember."

Only four words—but they satisfied Francine.

The one thing wanting to complete the obstacle which she had now placed in Emily's way was that Alban Morris should enter on the scene. He might hesitate; but if he was really fond of Emily, the anonymous letter would sooner or later bring him to Monksmoor. In the mean time her object was gained. She dropped Mirabel's arm.

"Here is the lodge," she said, gayly. "I declare, Cecilia has got an apron on already! Come, and cook."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SOUNDING.

Mirabel left Francine to enter the lodge by herself. His mind was disturbed: he felt the importance of gaining time for reflection before he and Emily met again.

The keeper's garden was at the back of the lodge. Passing through the wicket-gate he found a little summer-house at a turn in the path. Nobody was there: he went in and sat down.

At intervals he had even yet encouraged himself to underrate the true importance of the feeling which Emily had awakened in him. There was an end to all self-deception now. After what Francine had said to him, this shallow and frivolous man no longer resisted the all-absorbing influence of love. He shrank under the one terrible question that forced itself on his mind: Had that jealous girl spoken the truth?

In what process of investigation could he trust to set this anxiety at rest? To apply openly to Emily would be to take a liberty which Emily was the last person in the world to permit. In his recent intercourse with her he had felt more strongly than ever the importance of speaking with reserve. He had been scrupulously careful to take no unfair advantage of his opportunity when he had removed her from the meeting, and when they had walked together, with hardly a creature to observe them, in the lonely outskirts of the town. Emily's gayety and good-humor had not led him astray: he knew that these were bad signs viewed in the interests of love. His one hope of touching her deeper sympathies was to wait for the help that might yet come from time and chance. With a bitter sigh he resigned himself to the necessity of being as agreeable and amusing as ever: it was just possible that he might lure her into alluding to Alban Morris if he began innocently by making her laugh.

As he rose to return to the lodge, the keeper's little terrier, prowling about the garden, looked into the summer-house. Seeing a stranger, the dog showed his teeth and growled.

Mirabel shrank back against the wall behind him, trembling in every limb. His eyes stared in terror as the dog came nearer, barking in high triumph over the discovery of a frightened man whom he could bully. Mirabel called out for help. A laborer at work in the garden ran to the place, and stopped with a broad grin of amusement at seeing a grown man terrified by a barking dog. "Well," he said to himself, after Mirabel had passed out under protection, "there goes a coward if ever there was one yet."

Mirabel waited a minute behind the lodge to recover himself. He had been so completely unnerved that his hair was wet with perspiration. While he used his handkerchief, he shuddered at other recollections than the recollection of the dog. "After that night at the inn," he thought, "the least thing frightens me."

He was received by the young ladies with cries of derisive welcome. "Oh, for shame! for shame! here are the potatoes already cut, and nobody to fry them!"

Mirabel assumed the mask of cheerfulness—with the desperate resolution of an actor amusing his audience at a time of domestic distress. He astonished the keeper's wife by showing that he really knew how to use her frying-pan. Cecilia's omelet was tough—but the young ladies ate it. Emily's mayonnaise sauce was almost as liquid as water—they swallowed it nevertheless, by the help of spoons. The potatoes followed, crisp and dry and delicious—and Mirabel became more popular than ever. "He is the only one of us," Cecilia sadly acknowledged, "who knows how to cook."

When they all left the lodge for a stroll in the park, Francine attached herself to Cecilia and Miss Plym. She resigned Mirabel to Emily, in the happy belief that she had paved the way for a misunderstanding between them.

The merriment at the luncheon table had revived Emily's good spirits. She had a light-hearted remembrance of the failure of her sauce. Mirabel saw her smiling to herself. "May I ask what amuses you?" he said.

"I was thinking of the debt of gratitude that we owe to Mr. Wyvil," she replied. "If he had not persuaded you to return to Monksmoor, we should never have seen the famous Mr. Mirabel with a frying-pan in her hand, and never have tasted the only good dish at our luncheon."

Mirabel tried vainly to adopt his companion's easy tone. Now that he was alone with her, the doubts that Francine had aroused shook the prudent resolution at which he had arrived in the garden. He ran the risk, and told Emily plainly why he had returned to Mr. Wyvil's house.

"Although I am sensible of our host's kindness," he answered, "I should have gone back to my parsonage—but for You."

She declined to understand him seriously. "Then the affairs of your parish are neglected, and I am to blame," she said.

"Am I the first man who has neglected his duties for your sake?" he asked. "I wonder whether the masters at school had the heart to report you when you neglected your lessons?"

She thought of Alban, and betrayed herself by a heightened color. The moment after she changed the subject. Mirabel could no longer resist the conclusion that Francine had told him the truth.

"When do you leave us?" she inquired.

"To-morrow is Saturday—I must go back as usual."

"And how will your deserted parish receive you?"

He made a desperate effort to be as amusing as usual.

"I am sure of preserving my popularity," he said, "while I have a cask in the cellar and a few spare sixpences in my pocket. The public spirit of my parishioners asks for nothing but money and beer. Before I went to that wearisome meeting I told my housekeeper that I was going to make a speech about reform. She didn't know what I meant. I explained that reform might increase the number of British citizens who had the right of voting at elections for Parliament. She brightened up directly. 'Ah!' she said, 'I've heard my husband talk about elections. The more there are of them, *he* says, the more money he'll get for his vote. I'm all for reform.' On my way out of the house I tried the man who works in my garden on the same subject. He didn't look at the matter from the housekeeper's sanguine point of view. 'I don't deny that Parliament once gave me a good dinner for nothing at the public-house,' he admitted. 'But that was years ago—and (you'll excuse me, sir) I hear nothing of another dinner to come. It's a matter of opinion, of course. I don't myself believe in reform.' There are specimens of the state of public opinion in our village!" He paused. Emily was listening, but he had not succeeded in choosing a subject that amused her. He tried a topic more nearly connected with his own interests—the topic of the future. "Our good friend has asked me to prolong my visit after Sunday's duties are over," he said. "I hope I shall find you here next week?"

"Will the affairs of your parish allow you to come back?" Emily asked, mischievously.

"The affairs of my parish—if you force me to confess it—were only an excuse."

"An excuse for what?"

"An excuse for keeping away from Monksmoor—in the interests of my own tranquillity. The experiment has failed. While you are here, I can't keep away."

She still declined to understand him seriously. "Must I tell you in plain words that flattery is thrown away on me?" she said.

"Flattery is not offered to you," he answered, gravely. "I beg your pardon for having led to the mistake by talking of myself." Having appealed to her indulgence by this act of submission, he ventured on another distant allusion to the man whom he hated and feared. "Shall I meet any friends of yours," he resumed, "when I return on Monday?"

"What do you mean?"

"I only mean to ask if Mr. Wyvil expects any new guests."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

As he put the question, Cecilia's voice was heard behind them calling to Emily. They both turned round. Mr. Wyvil had joined his daughter and her two friends. He advanced to meet Emily.

"I have some news for you that you little expect," he said. "A telegram has just arrived from Netherwoods. Mr. Alban Morris has got leave of absence, and is coming here to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LESSON FOR A FIRST READER.

I SEE a book. It is a First Reader. A First Reader is a book for very young children.

And being a book for very young children, containing in a condensed form the milk of literature, who would have imagined that it ever could have by any possibility become the means of bringing the greatest confusion and vexation to a grown-up? But it did. I, Samuella Golden, am that grown-up. And I am the author, or nearly the author (under the ablest supervision, I frankly confess), of that First Reader.

The way it came about was this. I have always been passionately fond of children. When but a decidedly small specimen of humanity myself I adored all the smaller specimens with whom I chanced to meet. At the tender age of six, there being then no baby at my own home, I deliberately entered the home of our washer-woman one day, knowing her to be absent at the time, and stole her five-months-old Patsey from the cradle in which he was peacefully sleeping, and in spite of his kicks and yells, when he awoke to the situation, I managed to carry him safely to our house—fortunately not far distant—and place him in the arms of my very much astonished mother. And when he was reclaimed and carried away again by his rightful owner, I sat me down on the floor with a bang, and opened my mouth to its utmost width, and lifted up my voice to its utmost height, and refused most emphatically to be comforted.

This love of little ones did not diminish in the least as I grew in stature and in years. On the contrary, it seemed to increase, and it became as natural for me to talk baby talk to and make baby rhymes for every wee darling that came in my way as it was for me to breathe. And for the older youngsters I had always a story ready—some simple thing about simple things, but, by virtue of creation, my own. And having contrived to be an unobserved listener to several of these stories, and having also learned from Sue, his little niece, that I "made up out of my own head" the jingles with which she often sought to entertain him, Mr. Erickson, our school-master—and a very clever fellow too—said to me one afternoon, "Miss Golden, I have undertaken a task in which I think—nay, I am sure—that you can, if you will, be of great assistance to me."

"And pray what may that task be?" asked I, wonderingly.

"The preparation of a First Reader," he replied. "I do not expect the pecuniary results to be princely, though no doubt you would realize enough to compensate you for whatever time you might expend; but the practice would be excellent for you, and perhaps open the way for better paying literary work."

"Literary work," repeated I. "Why, I never even dreamed of such a thing."

"Did you not?" he said, with a smile. "Well, you are not the first person who has remained in ignorance of his or her particular talent until a friend discovered it. But are you willing to give me a helping hand with the book?"

"Most willing," said I. "Tell me plainly what I am to do, or to try to do, and I will begin this very evening."

And I did begin that very evening, and extremely glad I was to do so. For I had already, although April had scarcely set in, trimmed my usual amount of spring hats and bonnets, which—our community not following strictly, for good and sufficient reasons, the decrees of fashion—also included most of the summer ones, thereby cutting off that source of income for four or five months. And it had been highly necessary that another source should be discovered immediately. From which statement you will naturally infer that the Golden family was golden only in name. It was. Otherwise, of course I mean in a money sense, it was nickelly, and not that to as great an extent as desirable.

Father—well, any kind of steady business seemed to disagree with father; consequently he contributed to our support only by fits and starts. Daniel, our eldest boy, worked faithfully as an assistant book-keeper in a publishing house in New York city, and sent nearly half his salary to mother the first of every month. George, our youngest boy, was clerk (with a hope of some day becoming one of the firm) at the Wildwood general store; and I, as I have intimated above, was the Wildwood milliner. But work as hard as we might, Daniel, George, and I, we could do no more, even with the intermittent helps from father, than take care of ourselves and the rest of the family in the humblest way. (The rest of the family consisted of mother—a darling—grandmother—another darling—and three of the sweetest, cunningest little girls, two, five, and six years old, that ever needed to be taken care of.) So, as you may well imagine, I was not only delighted, but extremely delighted, to get the chance of assisting Mr. Erickson with the Reader. And I confided as much to Matt Brewster when we were coming home from church together the next Sunday evening. "Because, you see, Matt," said I, "if I succeed with this, maybe I can go on writing until"—and I caught my breath at the boldness of the idea—"I am found worthy of a place in the juvenile magazines, and, as a successful writer, I could help the family much more than I can now, for literary work is for all seasons, and millinery only for two or three months out of the whole year."

"You forget," said Matt, "your rich uncle who is coming here from Australia soon, and who will, no doubt, so arrange things that the family will need no help at all from your hands."

"Oh dear!" said I, "so I did. But he has forgotten us for so many years—ever since I was five, and I was nineteen on my last birthday—that now he has condescended to remember our existence, and promise us a visit, it's no wonder that I can't keep him in mind. And we are not sure that his coming will benefit us any. He may be a cranky old man, and very hard to please. It is more than likely he is, for father (with whom he could never agree, though he is his only brother) tells me he was an unusually cranky young one."

"Oh, you must make him pleased with you," declared Matt, decisively. "You have one advantage, and a great one, over the others. You are his goddaughter, you know."

"I know it to my sorrow," I assented. "Samuella! What a name to give an unfortunate girl baby! If it hadn't been for that saving 'Ella,' what would I have done? Fancy a woman's being called 'Sam' all her life!"

"But you will do your best to get into the old chap's good graces, won't you?" said Matt, coaxingly.

"Well, yes, I will, since your heart seems to be set upon it," I promised, though I wondered at the time why he was so anxious that I should become a favorite of Uncle Sam's. "I'll do everything but give up the Reader."

Matt Brewster was chief proprietor of the store where my brother George was clerk, and he was also my acknowledged lover. The latter fact made me the envy of half the girls in Wildwood, for Matt was considered the handsomest and most fascinating young bachelor in the place. He was tall and slender, with very fair hair, light blue eyes, a straight nose, and a small mouth.

Mrs. Leroy, the young wife of old Captain Leroy—looked up to with great respect by three-fourths of the population of Wildwood, because she had her bonnets and gloves straight from Paris, gave it as her opinion that his brow was too narrow, and his chin too retreating. "Give *me*," she said, calmly and coolly, "the school-master, any day, in preference. He is not quite as tall, but his shoulders are broader, so is his forehead, and he has a certain manly look and way about him that is utterly lacking in Mr. Matthew Brewster."

Strange as it may appear, *I* did not feel as indignant at this adverse criticism of my betrothed (by-the-way, I had stipulated at the time of our engagement, now two months old, that marriage should not be thought of for at least two years) as some of the other girls did. Nettie Haley, for instance—daughter of Haley the builder, with a snug little fortune in her own right, inherited from her mother—was particularly wroth.

"She only talks that way," she said, referring to Mrs. Leroy, "because she wants to seem different from everybody else, just as she sends to Paris from this out-of-the-way village for her bonnets and gloves. Why, there's no comparison between the two men. Matt dances beautifully; Mr. Erickson don't dance a step. Matt sings lovely; Mr. Erickson can only join in a bass. Matt has a complexion like a girl's; and Mr. Erickson has one like—like—"

"A man's," I suggested, mischievously, as she paused for a comparison.

"Oh, pshaw, Ella, what a tease you are! And about your own beau, too! But I don't really believe you know"—and here she heaved a deep sigh—"what a lucky girl you are."

Well, I began the Reader, and soon became so absorbed in my work that everything I cast eyes upon instantly resolved itself into a First Lesson. Did the butcher stop at the door, "I see a man; he is a butcher; a butcher sells meat," immediately flashed through my brain. Did one of my intimate friends call, I greeted her in my mind with, "I see a girl; her name is May" (or Lib, or Molly, whichever it might be); "she comes to tell some news." My very dreams were haunted by like examples. I saw the queerest things. Their names were gibberish. They played strange and ridiculous pranks. But for all that—perchance in consequence of all that—the book progressed rapidly, and the first hundred lessons were almost completed, when mother received a letter from a cousin of hers, dated from the same place in Australia from which Uncle Sam's had come. It read as follows:

"DEAR SARAH,—Your brother-in-law starts for Wildwood in a few days. I trust that he will arrive safely, and bring you permanent relief from your pecuniary troubles. You will find him much changed in personal appearance—the result of several hard fights in which he has been engaged—since you last saw him. Never handsome, he is now—peculiar-looking. I write this especially to warn you, and to have you warn the others, not to allude in the slightest way to the physical blemishes it will be impossible for you not to observe, as any such allusion would have the effect of rousing him to furious anger. With love to Samuella, upon whom he seems inclined to look with favor, and kind remembrances to the rest, I am yours faithfully, TOM."

And not very long after the reception of this letter Uncle Sam made his appearance. He *was* "peculiar-looking," to use a favorite remark of one of our oldest citizens, "with a vengeance."

His head was bald in spots, as though the hair had been pulled out by great handfuls, and his face was all awry. Add to this the expression of an ogre, and you will not wonder that the children, who had been hastily dressed at news of his approach, were as hastily withdrawn to the kitchen when he arrived. Poor little darlings, we got them away just in time, for their lips had begun to quiver and their eyes to grow big with frightened surprise. "They will get used to him by degrees," whispered my mother, as I gave each of them a re-assuring kiss. "And now, Ella dear, go back and do your best to entertain him until your father comes in, while I see about the dinner."

I returned to the parlor. I sat down opposite our visitor. I found a dreadful fascination in his unsymmetrical face. I could not remove my eyes from it. I essayed to speak, but before my mouth was fairly open Uncle Sam bent his shaggy brows and growled, "And so you're Sam, are you? And what do you see that you stare in that way?"

And then the spirit of that First Reader, in spite of all that I could do to resist it, took complete possession of me. I replied slowly and distinctly: "I see a man; he is a queer-looking man; he has a crooked nose; he has a crooked mouth; he has a crooked chin; he has crooked eyes; he has an awful scowl; he is a rich man. I am a poor girl. I would rather be a pretty poor girl than a rich crooked man.

And that was the last of our expectations from Uncle Sam. He arose, thundered forth some words which I can not repeat, broke all the mantel ornaments at one fell swoop, and left the house never to return again.

I'll just add, to whom it may concern, that soon after the hopes of a fortune from my godfather were thus destroyed, my engagement to Matt Brewster was broken, and that young gentleman married Nettie Haley.

As for me, I was "lucky" enough to become the happy wife of John Erickson. And our First Reader proved a perfect success.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE SAILING OF THE "THETIS."

THE *Thetis*, the flag-ship of the GREELY relief expedition, sailed from this port for the arctic seas on the 1st inst., under command of Commander W. S. SCHLEY. Secretaries CHANDLER and LINCOLN, with a party of friends, arrived from Washington in the morning to witness her departure. General HANCOCK, Chief Justice CHARLES P. DALY, and Mayor PARSONS, of Buffalo, were among the large crowd present. Many relatives of the officers and men were on hand to bid them good-by. The tug *Catalpa* towed the *Thetis* down the river. As she moved out into the stream the yards of the *Colorado* and *Alert* were manned by cheering sailors, and the crew of the *Thetis* scurried up the ropes and gave answering cheers. The government officials and others accompanied the vessel down the bay on the United States ship *Tallapoosa*. On page 305 we give a picture of the *Thetis* as she passed Governor's Island on her way out.

THE DOG SHOW.

APROPOS of the Eighth Annual Dog Show at Madison Square Garden, held under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, we give on page 296 characteristic pictures of some of the principal breeds exhibited. The show is exceptionally fine this year, and comprises nearly one thousand entries, classified as follows: mastiffs, 48; St. Bernards, 96; Berghunde, 5; Newfoundlands, 15; greyhounds, 17; deer-hounds, 18; pointers, 114; English setters, 142; Gordon setters, 50; Irish setters, 104; Chesapeake Bay setters, 1; water-spaniels, 3; spaniels, 33; foxhounds, 6; beagles, 23; Dachshunde, 7; fox-terriers, 70; collies, 53; bull-dogs, 14; bull-terriers, 16; Skye terriers, 12; rough terriers, 14; black and tans, 6; Dinmonts, 3; Yorkshire terriers, 35; terriers, 11; pugs, 34; toy spaniels, 13; Italian greyhounds, 4; miscellaneous, 20.

THE AMERICAN LACROSSE TEAM.

A FEW years ago it was necessary to preface any remarks upon lacrosse with a definition of the term and a detailed description of the game. It was not very long ago that the "crosse" was as rare on this side of the Canadian line as the Indians who were the originators of the game. To-day it is slowly making a place for itself both in this country and in Great Britain. Among the Indian tribes in which it was most popular it became, says an ancient writer, "the chief object of their lives." It was to them the training school of war. A game between contending tribes was a mimic battle, in which hand-to-hand conflict was joined to systematic and concerted movement. The innovations made by the Canadians were in the direction of more concerted play and more scientific tactics. They were confined to no part of the field, but were most noticeable in the attack, where greater coolness, more tact and system, soon began to be displayed.

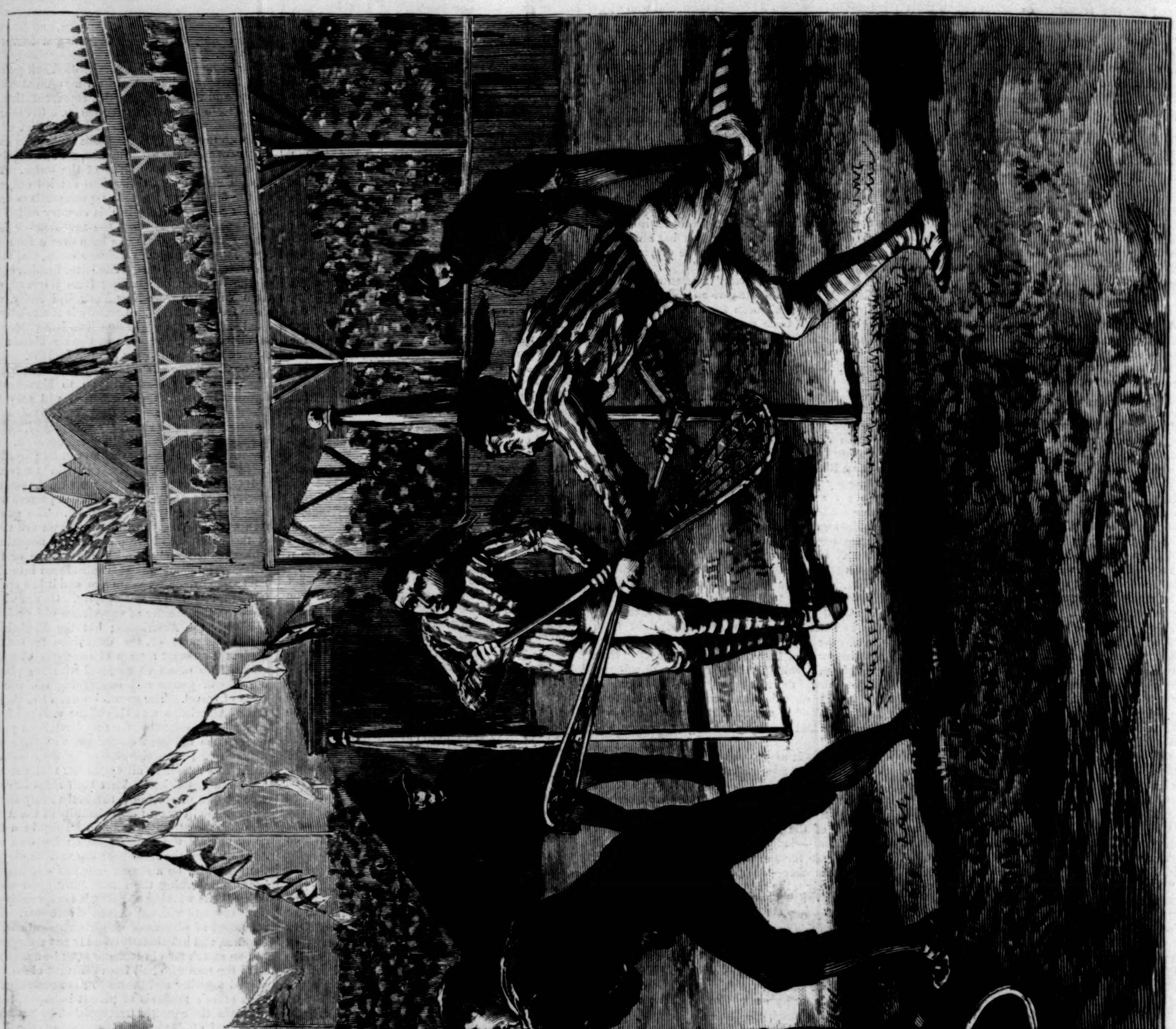
Flourishing clubs are now scattered all over this country, especially in the West, and wherever the Canadian element is present. In New York, Boston, and Baltimore are teams of several years' standing. The larger colleges have taken up the game with some ardor, and at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and New York University are teams which have done themselves credit. Last season the first three mentioned tied for the championship. The game is remarkable for the complete requisition that it makes upon the physical capabilities of each of the players. In this it is unlike base-ball. Endurance, pluck, skill, fleetness, infinite coolness and nerve, combined with a keen sight and quickness of limb, are required of every man, whatever his position. Add to this the necessity of "team play"—of twelve men moving in concerted action—and the attractions so relished by both warlike Indian and muscular Canadian are apparent. While resembling foot-ball in its system of team play and in its call for endurance and pluck, it differs from the ruder game in that it requires of each player greater speed and more agility, while, on the other hand, it does not set overmuch value upon weight, and there is no possibility of brutality becoming a factor of the game.

For some years past several New York gentlemen have been interested in a movement to organize and send to England a representative lacrosse team of American gentlemen. Gentlemen connected with the Staten Island Cricket Club, and with the New York Lacrosse Club, have carefully canvassed the whole matter, conducting their investigations on both sides of the water. The present season sees their plans carried out, and on the 3d of May fourteen representatives from the six principal clubs in this country sailed for Liverpool on the *Austral*, the new Anchor Line steam-ship. The team has been drawn from the New York, Boston, and Chicago clubs, and from the college associations. The latter furnish seven of the fourteen, one hailing from Harvard, one from Yale, two from New York University, and three from Princeton. Lacrosse is essentially an amateur game, no professionalism has entered it in this country, and even in Canada almost the only non-amateur players are the Indians.

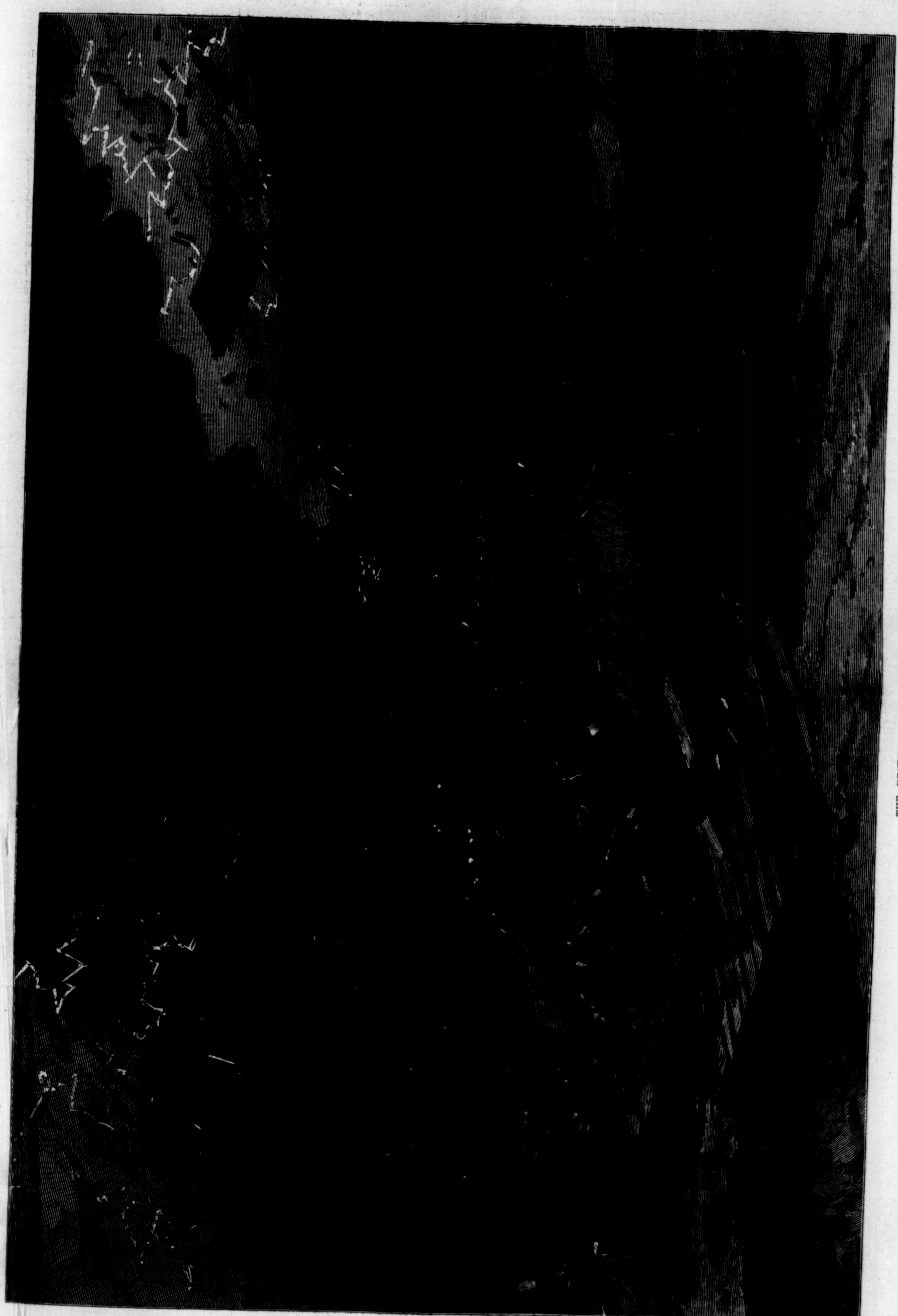
The first game is set for May 17, in Liverpool. From there the team will go to Manchester, thence to Cambridge, where they will play the 'Varsity during "college week." Next London will be visited, and several games played, including one game on the Hurlingham grounds. On the 14th of June the last game will be played, in Belfast, against an "all Great Britain" twelve.

It can not but be difficult to measure the relative merits of the American and English players until they have actually crossed sticks. The gentlemen who compose the American team are many of them men who have only become acquainted with the "crosse" within the last three or four years. The game was well introduced into England some five or six years ago, and it has spread more rapidly than in this country. On the whole, however, the balance of experience will probably rest with the Americans; but the Englishmen will have none of the difficulties to contend against that beset a team of strangers who have endured an ocean voyage, and who are playing a series of games and undergoing the discomforts of travel. The games between the Canadians *v.* Americans and Canadians *v.* Englishmen can form no criterion, for they have been played under such different conditions, and the Canadians have shown themselves in their national game so superior to all opponents that the data are quite insufficient. That both sides have decided hopes of scoring a national victory throws but little light upon the probability of the American athlete at last winning a victory in a field sport against the Englishman on his own soil. Judging from the records of the various players, the team will be a strong one, and one hard to beat. Concerning the attack field, upon whom depends the winning of goals, it is especially difficult to speak with any degree of certainty. It is composed of players of well-known skill and endurance, and individually equal to any emergency, but an attack field in lacrosse must be a unit, and until the men who hail from different clubs have played together and begun to get accustomed to each other's methods of play it is impossible to estimate their united strength. The attack is composed of ALEXANDER RITCHEY, of the York Club, who is an experienced player, and has filled the position of home on the New York team with marked success. S. F. JOHNSON has occupied the same position on the Union lacrosse team of Boston. He is one of the strongest men on the team, and is also one of the most experienced players in the United States. The third man on the attack is JOHNSON POE, of the Princeton team, who is a most slippery dodger. He played half-back on the Princeton foot-ball eleven during his Junior year, and is now captain of the lacrosse team. He has played lacrosse since its introduction into Baltimore, and of late has been playing altogether in the attack field. CHARLES C. NICHOLS is from the Harvard Club. He is an amazingly swift thrower, and has endurance, weight, and speed. Upon these four men, all hailing from different clubs, the team will depend for a strong, united attack.

The position of "point" is perhaps the most responsible on the field: he is the key-stone of the defense. The defense of the American team is largely composed of men who have held this position. J. A. STUART, of the Calumet Club of Chicago, will play point on the American twelve. The rest of the defense will be made up of WILLIAM A. DAVIS, of the Boston club; of J. A. HODGE, Jun., formerly of the Princeton twelve; of E. P. COTTLE, of the Yale team; of J. C. GERNDT, of the New York University twelve; and of DAVID BROWN, of the New York club. All of these have played point on their respective teams, and should therefore be able to play any position on the defense with plenty of "head." H. W. HALL, one of the fielders, has several pretty dodges, which are often used with much effect, and as a close checker he has few equals. J. K. SIMSON, of the Boston club, is a good general athlete, and has all the qualities that fit him for centre field. It only remains to speak of H. H. BALCH, who has been a prime mover in the undertaking, and F. S. WHEELER, both of New York. The former is a player of much experience, and the latter plays the all-important position of goal. He has stood for some years between the flags in all the games his club has played, and has proved himself a good general player as well as a quick, fearless goal-keeper. A noticeable feature of the team is the speed of some of the heavier men, three or four men having most creditable records in the 100, 220, and 440 yard dashes. The endurance, too, of none of the men can be doubted. All that seems to be required is care and perfect unity of action to secure success.



A GAME OF LACROSSE.—From a Sketch by H. W. Hall.—[See Page 299.]



THE RECENT CYCLONE IN OHIO.—[See Page 303.]

A DEFENSE OF MR. BLAINE.

Mr. William Walter Phelps in Reply to the "Evening Post"—Review of Mr. Blaine's Course in Legislation and Business.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Sir,—On April 7 you made formal charges against James G. Blaine. They are the same which were made eight years ago, and which were, I think, at that time satisfactorily answered. Lest others, however, may, like yourself, have forgotten everything except the misstatements, you must permit me to remind you of the facts. I think I may claim some qualifications for the task. I have long had a close personal intimacy with Mr. Blaine, and during many years have had that knowledge and care of his moneyed interests which men absorbed in public affairs are not inapt to devolve upon friends who have had financial training and experience. I do not see how one man could know another better than I know Mr. Blaine, and he has to-day my full confidence and warm regard. I am myself somewhat known in the city of New York, and think I have some personal rank with you and your readers. Am I claiming too much in claiming that there is not one among you who would regard me as capable of an attempt to mislead the public in any way? With this personal allusion—pardonable, if not demanded, under the circumstances—I proceed to consider your charges.

The first charge is really the one upon which all the others hinge. I give it in full and in your own language, only italicizing some of your words, in order that my answer may be the clearer. You say:

"In the spring session of Congress in 1869 a bill was before the House of Representatives which sought to renew a land grant to the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, of Arkansas, *in which some of Mr. Blaine's friends were interested*; that an attempt to defeat it by an amendment was made, and its promoters were in despair; that at this juncture Mr. Blaine, being then Speaker of the House, sent a message to General Logan to make the point of order that the amendment was not germane to the purposes of the bill; that this point of order was accordingly raised, and promptly sustained by Mr. Blaine as Speaker, and the bill was in this manner saved; *that Mr. Blaine wrote at once to the promoters, calling attention to the service he had rendered them, and finally, after some negotiations, secured from them, as their reward for it*, his appointment as selling agent of the bonds of the road, on commission, in Maine, and received a number of such bonds as his percentage; that the leading feature of this transaction appeared in two letters of his afterward made public, dated respectively June 29 and October 4, 1869."

Your error is in the facts. Mr. Blaine's friends were not connected with the Fort Smith and Little Rock road at the time of the passage of this bill. Those to whom you refer as his friends were Caldwell and Fisher. The bill passed in April, 1869. In April, 1869, Mr. Blaine did not know that there was any such man as Caldwell; and Fisher, who was Mr. Blaine's friend, did not know that there was any such enterprise as the Little Rock Railroad in the world. The evidence of these assertions was before Congress, was uncontradicted, and is within your reach. On the 29th of June, nearly eighty days after Congress had adjourned, Mr. Blaine, from his home in Maine, wrote to Fisher, and spoke of Fisher's "offer to admit him to a share in the new railroad enterprise." Fisher had introduced the subject to Mr. Blaine for the first time a week before at the great Music Festival at Boston. He told him there that Mr. Caldwell, whom Mr. Blaine had not yet seen, had now obtained control of the enterprise, and had invited Fisher to join him. At that time Fisher was a sugar refiner of considerable wealth in Boston, had been a partner of Mr. Blaine's brother-in-law, and through him had made Mr. Blaine's acquaintance. The offer Mr. Blaine refers to in his letter was Fisher's offer to induce Caldwell, if he could, to let Mr. Blaine have a share in the bed rock of the enterprise. Mr. Fisher failed to do this, and Mr. Blaine never secured any interest in the building of the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad.

What interest, then, did Mr. Blaine obtain? An interest in the securities of the company. How? By purchase, on the same terms as they were sold on the Boston market to all applicants—sold to Josiah Bardwell, to Elisha Atkins, and to other reputable merchants. He negotiated for a block of the securities, which were divided, as is usual in such enterprises, into three kinds, first mortgage bonds, second mortgage bonds, and stock. The price, I think, was *three for one*; that is, the purchaser got first mortgage bonds for his money, and an equal amount of second mortgage or land grant bonds and of stock thrown in as the basis of possible profit. I may be mistaken as to the price, but I think not. I went myself at this time into several adventures of the kind on that ratio, and have always understood that Senator Grimes and his friends got their interests in the Burlington and Missouri road, a branch of the Union Pacific, on the same basis of three for one. It was the common ratio in that era of speculation. Mr. Blaine conceived the idea that he might retain the second mortgage bonds as profit, and sell the first mortgage bonds with the stock as a bonus. He believed the first mortgage bonds were good, and he disposed of them to his neighbors in that faith, and with the determination to shield them from loss in case of disaster. Disaster came. The enterprise, like so many others of the kind, proved a disappointment, and the bonds depreciated. Mr. Blaine redeemed them all. In one or two cases only had he given a guarantee. In none other was there any legal obligation, but he recognized a moral claim, and he obeyed it to his own pecuniary loss. I can not but feel that the purchasers of these bonds would have fared worse had they been compelled to look to many of those who have sought to give an odious interpretation to Mr. Blaine's honorable conduct. The arrangement for the purchase of the block of securities was made in June or July. The sales of the first mortgage bonds out of the block were continued through the months of July, August, and September, 1869. The transaction was nearly closed when, in the letter of October 4, Mr. Blaine wrote to Fisher and told him the Parliamentary story of the 9th of April. Mr. Blaine had come across it while looking over the *Congressional Globe*, with a natural curiosity to see what had been his decisions during the first six weeks of his Speakership, and he wrote of it to Fisher as an item in the legislative history of the enterprise into which they had both subsequently entered. It concerned a bill to renew a land grant, made long before the war, to the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. The bill had passed the Senate without opposition, and there was no one objecting to it in the House, but the advocates of the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railway bill sought to attach their bill to it as an amendment. This El Paso bill was known at the time as General Fremont's scheme, and had been urged upon Congress before. It was unpopular, and was openly opposed by General Logan. Wedded to the Little Rock bill it would gain strength, but the Little Rock bill would lose strength, and a just measure, universally approved, would be killed in the effort to pull through with it this objectionable measure, which was generally disapproved. Mr. Blaine's letter to Fisher will tell the rest of the story. He wrote: "In this dilemma, Roots, the Arkansas member, came to me to know what on earth he could do under the rules, for he said it was vital to his constituents that the bill should pass. I told him that the amendment was entirely out of order, because not germane, but he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge of the rules to make the point. But he said General Logan was opposed to the Fremont scheme, and would probably make it. I sent my page to General Logan with the suggestion, and he at once made the point. I could not do otherwise than sustain it, and so the bill was freed from the mischievous amendment, and at once passed without objection." Mr. Blaine added these very significant words: "*At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell, but you can tell him that, without knowing it*, I did him a great favor. . . . I thought the point would interest both you and Mr. Caldwell, *though occurring before either of you engaged in the enterprise*."

This seems, Mr. Editor, to dispose of your first charge. The bill was a just one, and Mr. Blaine's friends had no interest in it when it passed the House. Eighty days after the House adjourned Mr. Blaine asked his friends, who had in the mean time taken hold of the enterprise, and had offered him some interest, to let him in as a partner. They refused. They did, however, sell him a block of securities on the same terms they sold them to others, and it proved an unfortunate purchase, for he sold them out among his friends, believing them valuable, and took them all back when they depreciated in value. The letter of Mr. Blaine, written long after the transaction, is his complete vindication. To give it a semblance of evil you assign a date to it six months before it was actually written. The late Judge Black, after an investigation of the whole subject, declared in his characteristic style that "Mr. Blaine's letter proved that the charge" (which you repeat against him) "was not only untrue, but impossible, and would continue so to prove until the Gregorian Calendar could be turned around and October made to precede April in the stately procession of the year."

Your second charge consists of two parts. The first part is that Mr. Blaine wrongfully asserted that "the Little Rock and Fort Smith road derives its life and value and franchise wholly from the State of Arkansas, whereas the evidence subsequently taken discloses the fact that the road derived the value on which these bonds were based from the act of Congress of which Mr. Blaine secured the passage." It will be found that you have inaccurately quoted Mr. Blaine's language, or rather that you put language into his mouth which he never used. What Mr. Blaine did say was, "The railroad *company* derived its life, value, and franchises from the State of Arkansas." And Mr. Blaine stated the precise truth. What are the facts? More than thirty years ago Congress granted to the States of Missouri and Arkansas a certain quantity of public lands to aid in the construction of certain lines of railway. The franchises which should be granted to the companies that should build the road were expressly left by Congress to the Legislatures of the States. Mr. Blaine spoke, therefore, with absolute precision of language, as he usually does, when he stated that "the Little Rock Railroad Company derived its life, value, and franchises wholly from the State of Arkansas," just as the Illinois Central Railroad Company derives its life, value, and franchises from the State of Illinois, though enriched by a land grant from the United States, just as the Little Rock road was.

The second part of your second charge is that Mr. Blaine did not speak truthfully when he asserted that he "bought the bonds at precisely the same rates as others paid." There is no evidence anywhere to sustain this accusation. I have already said any person could negotiate for them on the one-for-three basis, just as Mr. Blaine did, and many availed themselves of the opportunity. The price paid was not in the least affected by the fact that Mr. Blaine had already arranged to sell the securities at a higher price than he paid for them. He did this with the determination, honorably maintained, that he would make good any loss which might accrue to the purchasers. These sales did not change the price paid to Fisher, and the proof that they did not is found in the fact that Mr. Blaine paid it to him in full. You speak in this connection of Mr. Blaine's being appointed an agent to sell the bonds of the company. No such appointment was ever made, and no evidence suggests it. Mr. Blaine negotiated for his securities at a given price, which was paid in full to Mr. Fisher.

Your third formal charge relates to an alleged connection of Mr. Blaine with a share in the Northern Pacific enterprise. You charge this in the face of the fact that in Mr. Blaine's letter, in which you find the subject referred to, was his distinct asseveration that he "could not himself touch the share." Have you seen any evidence that he did? I have not. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has been organized and reorganized, and recently reorganized a second time. Its records of ownership and interest have passed under the official inspection of at least a hundred men, many of whom are political enemies and some of whom are, to my knowledge, personal enemies of Mr. Blaine, and there has never been a suggestion or hint from any of these that in any form whatever Mr. Blaine had the remotest interest in the Northern Pacific Company. If one of your associates has such evidence, it is right that he should produce it.

Your fourth charge is that after Mr. Blaine got possession of the so-called Mulligan letters "he subsequently read such of them as he pleased to the House in aid of his vindication." The answer is that Mulligan's memorandum of the letters in which he had numbered and indexed each one of them was produced, and number and index corresponded exactly with the letters read. This was fully demonstrated on the floor of the House, and is a part of its records.

You repeat the charge that Mr. Blaine received a certain sum from the Union Pacific Railroad Company for seventy-five bonds of the Little Rock road. You say this without a particle of proof. You say it against the sworn denial of Thomas A. Scott, who was the party alleged to have made the negotiation. You say it against the written denial of Mr. Sidney Dillon, president of the company; against the written denial of E. H. Rollins, treasurer of the company; against the written denial of Morton, Bliss, & Co., through whose banking house the transaction was alleged to have been made. Against this mountain of direct and positive testimony from every one who could by any possibility have personal knowledge of the alleged transaction you oppose nothing but hearsay and suspicion as the ground of a serious charge against the character of a man long eminent in public life. The courtesy which admits me to your columns prevents my saying what I think of your recklessness in this matter.

Your fifth charge arraigns Mr. Blaine's policy as an executive officer, and your last charge is that of his packing conventions in his own favor. I do not desire to dwell upon either. This is not the place to review his foreign policy, to which you refer, and I am content to remark that however much some Eastern journals may criticise, it is popular with a large majority of the American people. It is simply an American policy, looking to the extension of our commerce among the nations of this continent, and steadily refraining from European complications of every character.

The charge of packing conventions needs no answer. This is the third Presidential campaign in which Mr. Blaine has been undeniably the choice of a large proportion of the Republican party. In each of them he has had the active opposition of the national Administration, with the use of its patronage against him. Mr. Blaine has control of no patronage. He has no machine. Machine and patronage have been persistently against him. Whatever prominence he has enjoyed has been conferred by the people. He has no means, not open to every citizen, of influencing public opinion. No campaign in his favor originated elsewhere than among the people. He has never sought office. He never held a position to which he was not nominated by the unanimous voice of his party. He has not sought the Presidency. Circumstances made him a candidate in 1876, almost before he was aware of it. In 1880 he did not wish to enter the canvass. I was one of a small party of intimate friends who in a long conference in February, 1880, persuaded him that it was his duty. He has done nothing to make himself a candidate this year. He has asked no man's support. He has written no letters, held no conversation, taken no steps looking to his candidacy. He has never said to his most intimate friends that he expected or desired the nomination.

If, upon a review of the whole case, you should charge that it would have been better and wiser for Mr. Blaine to have refrained from making any investment in a railroad that had directly or indirectly received aid from the legislation of Congress, I should be ready to agree with you, not because the thing was necessarily wrong in itself, but because it is easy for such matters to be so represented as to appear wrong. But why should Mr. Blaine be selected for special reprobation and criticism when so many other Senators and Representatives have been similarly situated? I know of my own knowledge that Governor Morgan, Mr. Samuel Hooper, Senator Grimes, and many of my friends while in Congress acquired and held interests in such enterprises; and neither you, nor I, nor the people suspected the transaction to be wrong, or that it gave them an advantage over other investors. Why entertain and publish that suspicion against Mr. Blaine alone? When I sat as delegate at large in the last National Convention, Senator Edmunds and Senator Windom were both candidates for the Presidency, and I should gladly have supported either. Senator Edmunds was understood to have a block of Burlington and Missouri securities, and Senator Windom had not only a block in the securities of the Northern Pacific Company, but was one of its directors. Yet you find no fault with these gentlemen. Nor would you and I differ in giving the highest rank to Senator Grimes; but both he and Senator Edmunds acquired their interests in the Burlington and Missouri road when they were in the Senate. They both supported the bill to restore the land grant to their road. It was passed on the same day with the Little Rock bill. Both measures were just, and both were passed in the House and Senate without a dissenting vote. Why must we suspect that Mr. Blaine had a secret and corrupt motive and that other members and Senators had none?

Let me add a circumstance which seems to me to be not only significant but conclusive of Mr. Blaine's conscious innocence in this Fort Smith transaction. He voluntarily made himself a party of record in a suit against the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railway Company in the United States Circuit Court, which involved the nature and sources of his ownership in the property. This was before he was named for the Presidency. If he had obtained this ownership dishonorably, would he have courted this publicity?

I have thus ventured, Mr. Editor, to make answer to the charges you have brought against Mr. Blaine. There are other charges equally baseless which I have read, but in other papers, so that I may not claim your space to deny or answer them. I give two examples. Mr. Blaine is represented as the possessor of millions, while I personally know that he was never the possessor of the half of one million. He was represented as living for the past ten years in palatial grandeur in Washington. He sold that palatial mansion, with all its furniture, to Mr. Travers for $24,500, and got all that it was worth. But you are responsible only for such charges as you have made, and I have therefore made answer to them authoritatively over my own name, and I challenge denial of any substantial fact I have stated. Your attacks are not on Mr. Blaine alone; they are on his friends as well, and these are certainly a larger and more devoted body of supporters than can be claimed by any other man in public life. It seems to me, as I recall those in every station who are proud to be numbered among them, that I recognize many of the ablest, truest, and most honorable of our countrymen. William Walter Phelps.

Washington, *April 23*, 1884.

MR. BLAINE'S RAILROAD TRANSACTIONS.

[*From the New York Evening Post, April 26.*]

Everybody who knows Mr. William Walter Phelps knows that he is a warm and devoted friend; in fact, he has "a talent for friendship." The fact that a politician is in "trouble" does not freeze the current of his sympathy. It is only a few weeks since he proposed to take even poor Keifer to his bosom. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should, though after three weeks' delay, have come to the rescue of Mr. Blaine, whose ardent supporter and admirer he has always been. But we think we can make it clear that he would have been a wiser and more judicious friend if he had let the matter alone. The natural thing, under the circumstances, for Mr. Phelps to do was to print the documentary evidence on which Mr. Blaine's character has been assailed. We shall now, in spite of the heavy demands it makes on our space, do it for him, adding such comments as may be necessary. He will not find it pleasant reading, and much of it will apparently be new to him.

The story about Mr. Blaine's connection with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad had been floating about a good deal in the spring of 1876. So he met it in the House in this fashion, April 25 of that year, admitting that he held bonds of the road:

"As to the question of the propriety involved in a member of Congress holding an investment of this kind, it must be remembered the lands were granted to the State of Arkansas, and not to the railroad company, and that the company derived its life, franchise, and value wholly from the State, and to the State the company is amenable and answerable, *and not in any sense to Congress*. Since I purchased the bonds but one act of Congress has passed in any way touching the subject, and that was merely to rectify a previous mistake in legislation.

"In the seven intervening years since Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds were placed on the market, I know few investments that have not been more affected by the legislation of Congress. But this case does not require to be shielded by any such comparisons or citations; for I repeat that the *Little Rock road derived all that it had from the State of Arkansas, and not from Congress.* It was in the discretion of Congress to give or withhold from the State, but it was solely within the discretion of the State to give or withhold from the Little Rock Railroad Company."

This statement was accepted by the public generally as a conclusive answer to the charge against Mr. Blaine. It continued to be so considered till June 7, 1876, when the investigation and the publication of his letters revealed the amazing fact that it was not true; that the franchises and securities of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad had no value unless the land grant to the State, which was in danger of lapsing, were renewed by act of Congress. Mr. Blaine not only knew this in 1876, but knew it in 1869. In that year Mr. Warren Fisher took a contract to build the road—with the aid of the land grant, of course. That he was directly interested in getting the act passed which was to provide the money to pay the cost is highly probable, though not proved. The date on which he made the offer to Mr. Blaine of a share in the enterprise does not appear in the evidence, but it must have been made very soon after the passage of the bill (April 9) and the making of the contract, as appears by the following letter:

"Augusta, *June 29*, 1869.

"My dear Mr. Fisher,—I thank you for the article from Mr. Lewis. It is good in itself, and will do good. He writes like a man of large intelligence and comprehension. Your offer to admit me to a participation in the new railroad enterprise is in every respect as generous as I could expect or desire. I thank you very sincerely for it, and in this connection I wish to make a suggestion of a somewhat selfish character. It is this: You spoke of Mr. Caldwell's offer to dispose of a share of his interest to me. If he really desires to do so, I wish he would make the proposition definite, so that I could know just what to depend on. Perhaps if he waits till the full development of the enterprise, he may grow reluctant to part with the share; and I do not by this mean any distrust of him. I do not feel that I shall prove a dead-head in the enterprise if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.

"Very hastily and sincerely, your friend,

"James G. Blaine.

"*Mr. Fisher, India Street, Boston.*"

He recurs to the subject a few days later:

"Augusta, Maine, *July 2*, 1869.

"My dear Mr. Fisher,—You ask me if I am satisfied with the offer you made me of a share in your new railroad enterprise. Of course I am more than satisfied with the terms of the offer; I think it a most liberal proposition. If I hesitate at all, it is from considerations in no way connected with the character of the offer. Your liberal mode of dealing with me in all our business transactions of the past eight years has not passed without my full appreciation. What I wrote you on the 27th was intended to bring Caldwell to a definite proposition. That was all. I go to Boston by the same train that carries this letter, and will call at your office to-morrow at 12 m. If you don't happen to be in, no matter; don't put yourself to any trouble about it. Yours, J. G. B.

"*Mr. Fisher, Jun.*"

Fisher was then proposing to assign his contract to Caldwell, but did not actually do so till September following. Mr. Blaine waited all summer for a "definite proposition" from Caldwell, but none came. So he proceeded to refresh his memory and Fisher's, as follows:

"Augusta, Maine, *October 4*, 1869.

"My dear Sir,—I spoke to you a short time ago about a point of interest to your railroad company that occurred at the last session of Congress. It was on the last night of the session, when the bill renewing the land grant to the State of Arkansas for the Little Rock road was reached, by Julian, of Indiana, chairman of the Public Lands Committee, and by right entitled to the floor, attempting to put in the bill as an amendment to the Fremont El Paso scheme—a scheme probably well known to Mr. Caldwell. The House was thin, and the lobby in the Fremont interest had the thing all set up, and Julian's amendment was likely to prevail if brought to a vote. Root, and the other members from Arkansas, who were doing their best for their own bill, to which there seemed to be no objection, were in despair, for it was well known that the Senate was hostile to the Fremont scheme, and if the Arkansas bill had gone back to the Senate with Julian's amendment, the whole thing would have gone on the table and slept the sleep of death. In this dilemma Root came to me to know what on earth he could do under the rules, for, he said, it was vital to his constituents that the bill should pass. I told him that Julian's amendment was entirely out of order, because not germane. But he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge of the rules to make the point, but he said

General Logan was opposed to the Fremont scheme, and would probably make the point. I sent my page to General Logan with the suggestion, and he at once made the point. I could not do otherwise than sustain it, and so the bill was freed from the mischievous amendment moved by Julian, and at once passed without objection. At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell, but you can tell him that, without knowing it, I did him a great favor.

"Sincerely yours, JAMES G. BLAINE.

"*W. Fisher, Jun., Esq., No. 24 India Street, Boston.*"

It will be seen from this that he had been already talking of this "point of interest" to Fisher, but was eager to bring it to Caldwell's notice. So he wrote again on the same day, this time speaking of the bill frankly as "your [Fisher's] bill." At this date, Mr. Phelps evasively says, "the transaction was nearly closed." It may have been, but Mr. Blaine's expectations were not closed:

"AUGUSTA, MAINE, *October* 4, 1869.

"MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—Find inclosed contracts of the parties named in my letter of yesterday. The remaining contracts will be completed as rapidly as circumstances will permit. I inclose you a part of the *Congressional Globe* of April 9, containing the point to which I referred at some length in my previous letter of to-day. *You will find it of interest to read it over, and see what a narrow escape your bill made on that last night of the session.* Of course it was my plain duty to make the ruling when the point was once raised. If the Arkansas men had not, however, happened to come to me when at their wits' ends and in despair, the bill would undoubtedly have been lost, or at least postponed for a year. I thought the point would interest both you and Caldwell, though occurring before either of you engaged in the enterprise. I beg you to understand that I thoroughly appreciate the courtesy with which you have treated me in this railroad matter, but your conduct toward me in business matters has always been marked by unbounded liberality in past years, and of course I have naturally come to the conclusion to expect the same of you now. You urge me to make as much as I fairly can out of the arrangement into which we have entered. It is natural that I should do my utmost to this end. *I am bothered by only one thing, and that is definite and expressed arrangements with Mr. Caldwell. I am anxious to acquire the interest he has promised me. But I do not get a definite understanding with him as I have with you.* I shall be in Boston in a few days, and shall then have an opportunity to talk matters over fully with you. *I am disposed to think that whatever I do with Mr. Caldwell must really be done through you.* Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher. Sincerely, J. G. BLAINE.

"*W. F., Jun., Esq.*"

These two letters were undoubtedly due to his anxiety to have that ruling, which he had "the curiosity" to hunt up, weigh in the bargain he was expecting.

Was the interest he had already acquired such "as was sold on the Boston market to all applicants"? Nothing of the kind. In that case Fisher's offer would not have been as "generous" as Mr. Blaine "could expect or desire" (June 29). Nor would it have been a "most liberal proposition" with which he would have been "more than satisfied" (July 2). Nor would it have called forth from him the promise that he would not be a dead-head in the enterprise" (June 29). If the purchase of the bonds "on the Boston market" had inspired these feelings in "all applicants," Mr. Fisher would have been smothered in gratitude. Mr. Phelps seems to know little or nothing about this matter, apparently because he has not taken the trouble to read the evidence. Mr. Warren Fisher testified before the committee that he never "sold to James G. Blaine any bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad"; that the bonds he gave Mr. Blaine were "for other parties" (p. 89, "Evidence taken before the Judiciary Committee"), and the sale of them was negotiated through Mr. Blaine. Subsequently Mulligan, his book-keeper, produced Fisher's account with Mr. Blaine. The nature of Fisher's transactions with Blaine, who, owing to objections by members of the committee, was described as "the third party," or as "A," was such that "A sold to parties in Maine, on Fisher's account, $130,000 of common stock, $130,000 of preferred stock, and $130,000 of first mortgage bonds, and the third party was to get $130,000 of land grant bonds and $32,500 of first mortgage bonds for his share in the transaction." For all this Fisher received only $130,000 in cash. The memorandum-book submitted by the witness showed in the margin the amounts payable as commission to Mr. Blaine by Mr. Fisher.

It appears, then, that Mr. Blaine did not tell the truth when he said that the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company owed nothing, "in any sense," to Congress, and that he did not confine himself to the use of the word "company" (April 25, 1876). Mr. Phelps is now in our columns on this point guilty of something very like a quibble, and is himself the person who inaccurately reports Mr. Blaine's language. Mr. Blaine was not as sly as Mr. Phelps supposes. He said both "road" and "company," and meant road when he said company. Nor did Mr. Blaine tell the truth when he said "he bought the bonds at precisely the same rate as others paid"; nor does Mr. Phelps speak truly when he says that "there is no evidence which suggests" that Mr. Blaine was appointed an agent to sell the bonds of the company. Since Mr. Phelps is an honorable man, this simply shows that he has not read the evidence. He will find a flood of it on pp. 90, 94, 95, 103–4–5, of the "Evidence taken before the Judiciary Committee" of the House in May, 1876. Mr. Blaine was made such agent on "liberal" and even "generous" terms, and sold $130,000 of the bonds under the arrangement, and afterward took back a number of them—say seventy-five—from the persons to whom he sold them, and who could not or would not bear the loss caused by their depreciation.

What became of these bonds which he took back? We said in our article of April 7 that there was "strong but not conclusive evidence" that they were taken off his hands by the Union Pacific Railroad. Mr. Phelps, who seems to read very carelessly, describes this as a positive "charge," made "without a particle of proof." What he produces as disproof again shows that he has not read the evidence. The witness Atkins, a director of the Union Pacific, testified that the seventy-five Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds were bought by the Union Pacific Railroad Company for $64,000 when they were worth only $37,500 (p. 91). The witness Mulligan testified that Atkins told him his belief that the bonds came from Mr. Blaine to Mr. Thomas A. Scott, and that he got the Union Pacific to take them off his hands at the high rate (p. 95). Atkins denied this, but did not question Mulligan's veracity. He thought it must be a mistake. Mulligan also testified that he (Atkins) made the same statement to Mr. Blaine personally. The witness Fisher was under the impression that the seventy-five were Blaine bonds, and in a correspondence with Blaine touching a settlement, thought he answered Blaine's complaint about his losses in the Little Rock and Fort Smith transaction by referring to this excellent sale to the Union Pacific, without eliciting any contradiction from Blaine (p. 119). The witness Harrison, a government director of the Union Pacific, testified that on discovering the seventy-five bonds among the assets of the company, he moved an investigation, but was "taken aside" by Mr. Rollins, the secretary and auditor of the company, and asked to withdraw his motion, as it would injure Mr. Blaine; and that he subsequently found it impossible to have the matter inquired into (pp. 18–21). The witness Rollins could not remember who told him the bonds came from Mr. Blaine, and found his memory would not work on this point, but did not know why the company should have bought the bonds of anybody (pp. 27–28). The witness Thomas A. Scott testified that he bought the bonds of Caldwell (Blaine's friend) at eighty cents on the dollar, and sold them to the Union Pacific Company at the same price he gave, eighteen months later, when they were worth only fifty or sixty cents on the dollar. The reason the company made this very peculiar investment, by which it paid $22,750 more than the market value of the securities, was, he said, that it owed him a considerable amount for salaries and other services (pp. 47-50). From whom Caldwell obtained them, and on whose account he made this remarkable sale, did not appear, because Caldwell was in Europe in 1876. The inquiry was interrupted at this point, too, by Mr. Blaine's illness. But the evidence, we repeat, taken in connection with the relations of all the parties, strongly pointed to the sale of the bonds to Mr. Tom Scott, at nearly double the market rate, by Caldwell on Blaine's behalf, and a subsequent and more extraordinary sale of the same bonds to the Union Pacific Railroad Company, the whole followed by a general hushing up of the matter, and a great failure of memory on the part of all concerned. Mr. Phelps's citation of Mr. Sidney Dillon, E. H. Rollins, and Morton, Bliss, & Co. is simply worthless, though probably made without intent to deceive, because he has evidently not read the evidence. Morton, Bliss, & Co. were no more likely to know anything about the transaction than the New York Postmaster who delivered their letters. The affectation of indignant surprise with which Mr. Phelps meets this would be most audacious if he were speaking in his own behalf, but is pardonable in an enthusiastic advocate.

Mr. Phelps's answer, in so far as it relates to the Northern Pacific transaction, calls for no fresh comment. He evidently knows nothing about it. We shall therefore simply reproduce Mr. Blaine's letter, and the passage relating to it in our article of April 7:

"AUGUSTA, MAINE, *November* 25, 1870.

"MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—A year ago and more I spoke to you about purchasing an interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad for yourself and any you might choose to associate with yourself. *The matter passed by without my being able to control it, and nothing more was said about it. Since then the Jay Cooke contract has been perfected, the additional legislation has been obtained, and 230 miles of the road are well-nigh completed, and the whole line will be pushed forward rapidly. By a strange revolution of circumstances I am again able to control an interest, and if you desire it you can have it.* The whole road is divided into twenty-four shares, of which Jay Cooke & Co. have twelve. The interest I speak of is one-half of one-twenty-fourth, or one-one-hundred-and-ninety-second of the entire franchise, being that proportion of the eighty-one millions of stock that are being divided as the road is built, and a like proportion of the Land Company stock that is formed to take and dispose of the 52,000,000 acres of land covered by their grant as amended by the law of last session. The amount of stock which this 1-192 would have in the end would be about $425,000, and the number of acres of land it represents is nearly 275,000. The road is being built on the 7-30 bonds, $25,000 to the mile, which Jay Cooke takes at 90. Instead of mortgaging the land, they make a stock company for its ownership, dividing it *pro rata* among the holders of the franchise. The whole thing can be had for $25,000, which is less than one-third of what some other sales of small interests have gone at. I do not suppose you would care to invest the whole $25,000. I thought for a small flyer eight or ten of you in Boston might take it—$2500 each. For $2500 thus invested you would get ultimately $42,000 stock and the avails of some 27,000 acres of land. Five of you at $5000 each would have a splendid thing of it.

"The chance is a very rare one. I can't touch it, but I obey my first and best impulse in offering it to you.

"All such chances as this since Jay Cooke got the road have been accompanied with the obligation to take a large amount of the bonds at ninety, and hold them not less than three years. I will be in Boston Tuesday noon, and will call upon you. Of course if you don't want it, let it pass. You will receive an immediate issue of stock to a considerable amount, and certificates of land stock also. *Of course, in conferring with others, keep my name quiet, mentioning it to no one unless to Mr. Caldwell.* I write under the presumption that you have returned, but I have heard nothing.

"Yours truly,

"J. G. BLAINE."

This offer was accepted by Fisher, as appears from the following (p. 129):

"Received of Warren Fisher, Jun., $25,000 in trust, in consideration of which I am to deliver to said Fisher properly authenticated certificates of an interest in the North Pacific Railway Company, equivalent to one-eighth part of one of the twenty-four principal shares in which the franchise stock of said company are divided; certificates to be in the name of Elisha Atkins.

"Witness my hand. JAMES G. BLAINE."

On this particular transaction we remarked, on April 7:

"It appears from acts of Congress relating to the road, none of which are of older date than July 2, 1864, that the authorized stock was $100,000,000, with a land grant, estimated by the Commissioners of Public Lands at 47,000,000 acres, or 74,423 square miles. The line of road was 2000 miles long, and at the time of Blaine's letter to Fisher it was, he says, being built on bonds at $25,000 a mile, which would have made a bonded debt of $50,000,000. Mr. Blaine, as member of Congress and Speaker of the House, must be taken to have known about the circumstances of the road, and therefore there seems no escape from the conclusion that his offer was based on the expectation that he would receive almost as a gift a share in an enterprise dependent for its value on legislation in which he had taken part. Mr. Blaine's defense in the case of this transaction consisted at first of a denial that he had ever had any transaction with the road at all, but he afterward rested on the fact that he had no pecuniary interest in the transfer, and that it was never actually made; yet though this might be a defense to suit against him for a conspiracy to defraud purchasers of stock, it does not affect in any way the nature of the offer. His relations with Warren Fisher were, in 1870, as appeared from the evidence, such that any favor done the latter, or gift presented to him, had a direct pecuniary value."

The letter shows, too, that he had actually been in pursuit of an interest in the road a year previously, had failed to acquire it, and that in the interval additional legislation for the benefit of the company had taken place.

The charge of having obtained the letters from Mulligan by pledging his word of honor to return them, and then breaking his pledge, Mr. Phelps, we take it for granted, tacitly confesses on his friend's behalf; so that no more need be said about it, except that we are sure that there are enough voters who feel strongly about it to make it certain that no man who has figured in such a transaction shall ever sit in Washington's chair. On the other points discussed by Mr. Phelps he has nothing new to offer, except that he does not agree with the *Evening Post*. We may add that we believe Mr. Blaine's railroad transactions have no further interest for the public, and we do not mean to return to them. What gave us or anybody any interest in them was the chance of his being nominated for the Presidency, which has now, we believe, passed away.

JUDGE REID.

JUDGE FRANK T. REID, the Republican candidate for Governor of Tennessee, who was enthusiastically nominated by acclamation, is about forty years of age, and is very popular throughout the State. He is of a distinguished family, and is a man of ability and culture. During the war he fought on the Confederate side as a private in FORREST's cavalry. He is now Judge of the Circuit Court of his county. In accepting the nomination he made a strong speech, which was loudly cheered. He referred to the past record of the Democratic and Republican parties, denounced the repudiation of the larger part of the State debt, severely criticised the Railroad Commissioners for making low rates for the lessees of the penitentiary and high rates for the farmers, and advocated the encouragement of manufacturing industries and railroads. The Democrats all concede that the Judge is the strongest man the party could have chosen for the fight.

THE OHIO CYCLONE.

THE cyclone which swept across the western part of Ohio on the 27th of April, carrying death and destruction in its track, was one of the most terrific that ever fell upon any part of the country. At Carrollton, where it first was seen, a reputable farmer, who claims to have observed its formation, thus describes it: Two clouds, one from the south, the other from the north, seemed to meet, when instantly the scene became densely black, while from the centre came blinding flashes, as if the heavy clouds were filled with writhing, twisting sheets of fire. The atmosphere was soon enveloped in a dense smoke-like fog. It seemed as if the clouds struggled with each other and then shot forward, whirling, destroying everything that came in their way.

The cyclone was there only three hundred yards in width, while miles further on the track of destruction is fully an eighth of a mile in width. In passing across the Miami River the wind blew the gravel of the river-bed a hundred feet or more in the air, and scattered it over the adjacent fields.

In Lescher's Wood, just beyond Alexandersville, stately trees were felled like blades of grass before a scythe. The farm of FRANK EICHNER was totally destroyed, all the buildings on it being swept away. Mr. EICHNER thus describes the scene: "The cyclone came with a roar similar to that of a buzz saw, and the great tongue reaching from the black mass of clouds above was like a great auger boring into the earth, and where the funnel touched the earth clouds of black smoke rolled up to the heavens. On it came like a monster, and as it struck the shed the shrill sound like a saw striking a piece of lumber resounded. In an instant the air was filled with the débris, and I called to those on the place to run for the cellar. Scarcely had we reached this harbor when we heard the hiss and hum of the winds, and then the shrill singing and cracking that told the tale of ruin. Hardly two minutes had elapsed when all was again quiet, and on emerging we found the sun shining brightly, and scarcely a breeze blowing." But round about lay their dwellings, barns, sheds, even the orchard and forest a mass of ruins. Mr. EICHNER's loss will reach $20,000.

In a tobacco shed about four hundred feet away was the family of AARON LUCAS. They had gone there in a spring wagon to be sheltered from the storm. Strange as it may appear, none of the family, six in number, father, mother, and four children, was fatally injured. The shed was lifted square from its foundation, carried along with the wind a short distance, and then completely wrecked. One of the children, a little girl ten years of age, sustained a severe wound on the head, and the mother was slightly injured on the right shoulder.

FRANK WASHY, who was driving along the road not far from the track of the storm, was blown out of his buggy, which was torn to pieces and scattered over the surrounding country, while the frightened horse was lodged in a creek two hundred feet away, where he was afterward found dead.

The little town of Woodburn suffered terribly, not a house in the place escaping. But the worst destruction occurred in Jamestown, about twenty miles from Dayton. Not a house remained standing on the main street. The five churches, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Christian, were all wrecked.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A BILL to prevent the unlawful occupancy of public lands has been favorably reported to the House of Representatives, with documents from the Committee on Public Lands showing that foreign capitalists are among the most conspicuous offenders. The aggregate of public land fenced in with barbed wire and occupied by foreigners is several millions of acres. "One titled gentleman, Marquis de Morales," says the report, "has a large inclosure in Dakota of the public land, maintained by his retainers as against American citizens." The marquis, it will be remembered, had a disagreement not long ago with some men of the region in which he has settled, which resulted in loss of life. It is proposed in the bill to give citizens power to deal summarily with the trespassers. Says the report: "The evil sought to be abated is intolerable; that it has been permitted to reach its present proportions is a disgrace."

The Washington Monument is of slow growth. It stopped growing last fall, at a height of 410 feet. The process is now resumed. The end of the work is so near, comparatively, that an appropriation of money to defray the expenses of the dedication has been proposed. The oration is to be delivered by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who made the address when the corner-stone was laid in 1848. If the period of the Monument's building shall turn out to be no longer than can be spanned by the life of a man, it will not seem so very long, after all.

Great things in the way of swift ocean travel are expected of the two Cunarders now building. It is asserted that they may be counted upon to eclipse the record recently made by the *Oregon*.

One of the few instances of a balloon being struck by lightning is reported from the international exposition at Turin, where a captive aerostat was exploded by a lightning-bolt after it had ascended a short distance.

The owners of Goat Island, in Niagara River, value the property at a million dollars. Goats occupy several million dollars' worth of land in the upper part of this city, too.

The editor of a Northwestern journal, the *Rat Portage Progress*, makes this unequivocal announcement: "I still support my reputation by publishing a newspaper, and my family by sawing wood."

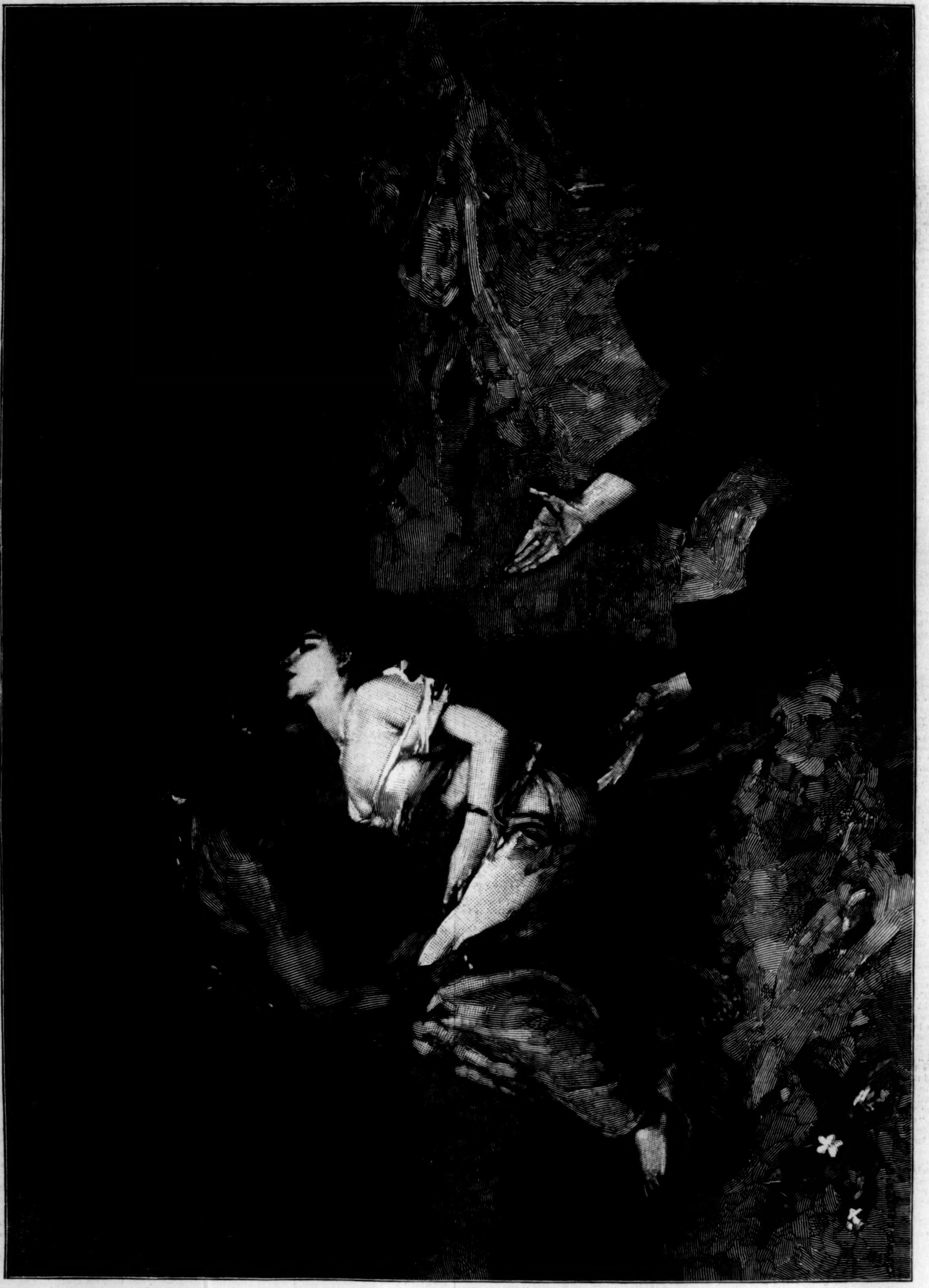
Floods and dramatic festivals, riots and operas, do not work well together even in Cincinnati. It is estimated that there will be a deficit of about $30,000 to be made up by those who guaranteed the expenses of the dramatic festival. Last season the receipts of the first night equalled those for the whole week of this year's entertainment.

It was perhaps too much to expect that the umpire would go on to the end of time exposing himself to the volleys of the lightning pitcher, quietly making absurd decisions, meekly enduring the jeers of the multitude, and never once showing by his actions that he was made of such stuff as ordinarily sensitive mortals are made of. In the course of a game in Philadelphia a few days ago the umpire found the test too much for him, and, turning in his rage, he hurled a ball into the midst of the crowd that had been hooting at him. The ball struck a man on the head, and a magistrate put the umpire under $500 bonds to keep the peace. Thus the question is raised, Can an umpire pursue his calling without necessarily provoking outbreak?

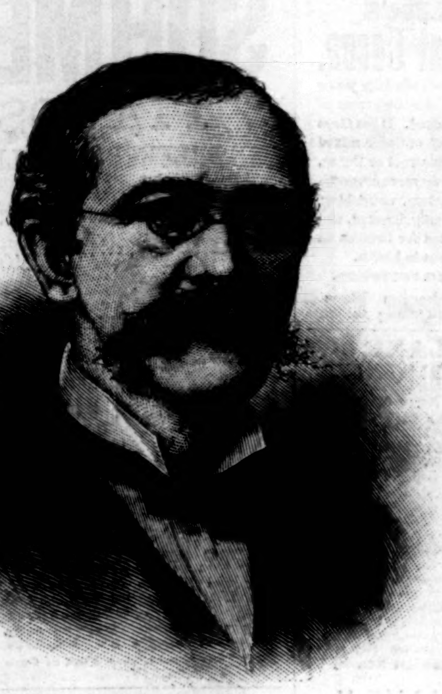
In the course of the discussion in the Assembly of a bill to modify the conditions of imprisonment for debt, a legislator told of a man of Sullivan County who was imprisoned several years ago for not paying a debt of $35, who has already cost the county about $800 for board, and who refuses to be released. After the speaker had gone deeply into the question whether this man ever could be compelled legally to give up his cell, a witty Irish member from this city suggested that the desired object might be attained by removing the jail and leaving the prisoner where he was.

It is suggested by Mr. Americus Symmes, son of the noted theorist, that the Greely relief expedition should steer for that alleged region known as Symmes's Hole if it is desired to be of service to the lost navigator. Greely, inadvertently or on purpose, sailed over the edge into the hollow of the globe, Mr. Symmes says.

Wherever two or three Irish patriots are gathered together there is oratory, and where there is Irish oratory of the patriot order there is withering denunciation of somebody for his alleged betrayal of "the cause." As the work of freeing Ireland goes on, the number of Irishmen suspected by their compatriots of being informers grows greater. Indeed, the suspicion with which the patriots regard one another is becoming a source of greater discomfort than the zeal of the British detectives. If an Irish emissary in England is not arrested, the chances are that he will be accused of having purchased immunity with treachery, and that his death will be decreed by some body of avengers. On the other hand, if he is arrested, he may consider himself fortunate if his compatriots do not assume that his arrest is a sham intended to cover up his base betrayal of them. The latest to become a sufferer in this way is the man Fitzgerald, under arrest for his alleged connection with a society of murderers, who has been begging a correspondent to state that the report charging him with having turned informer is an infamous falsehood.



"THE BURIAL OF ATALA."—From the Painting by Gustave Courtois, Paris Salon, 1884.—[See Page 297.]



JOHN JAY KNOX, LATE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

HON. FRANK T. REID, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GIERS.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

JOHN JAY KNOX.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Knoxborough, Oneida County, New York, graduated at Hamilton College in 1849, and learned the rudiments of banking at a salary of $300 a year in the bank of Vernon, of which his father was President. He subsequently assisted in organizing banks in Syracuse and in Binghamton under the free banking law of New York, and soon became well acquainted with all the provisions of that act. He was associated with his brother, Hon. HENRY M. KNOX, in a private banking house in St. Paul, Minnesota, for six years. He advocated the national banking system in *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* more than a year previous to its adoption. The attention of Secretary CHASE was called to this article, and when Mr. KNOX visited Washington soon after the passage of the National Currency Act, and called upon Secretary CHASE, he gave him a letter to Hon. HUGH McCULLOUGH, who was then Comptroller, in which he said, "This is the young gentleman of whom I spoke to you."

In 1866 he was sent by Secretary McCULLOUGH to San Francisco to examine the branch mint in that city, and his report was published, with a complimentary notice by Secretary McCULLOUGH, in the Finance Report of that year.

In 1870 he made an elaborate report to Congress, including a codification of the mint and coinage laws, with important amendments. Upon his suggestion the coinage of the silver dollar was discontinued, and the bill which he prepared was afterward passed, and is known as "The Coinage Act of 1873." He subsequently visited New Orleans, and discovered in the office of the Assistant Treasurer a defalcation of about eleven hundred thousand dollars, the largest ever known in the history of the government. The failure of the First National Bank of New Orleans followed, and he remained for some weeks in that city, acting as Assistant Treasurer of the United States.

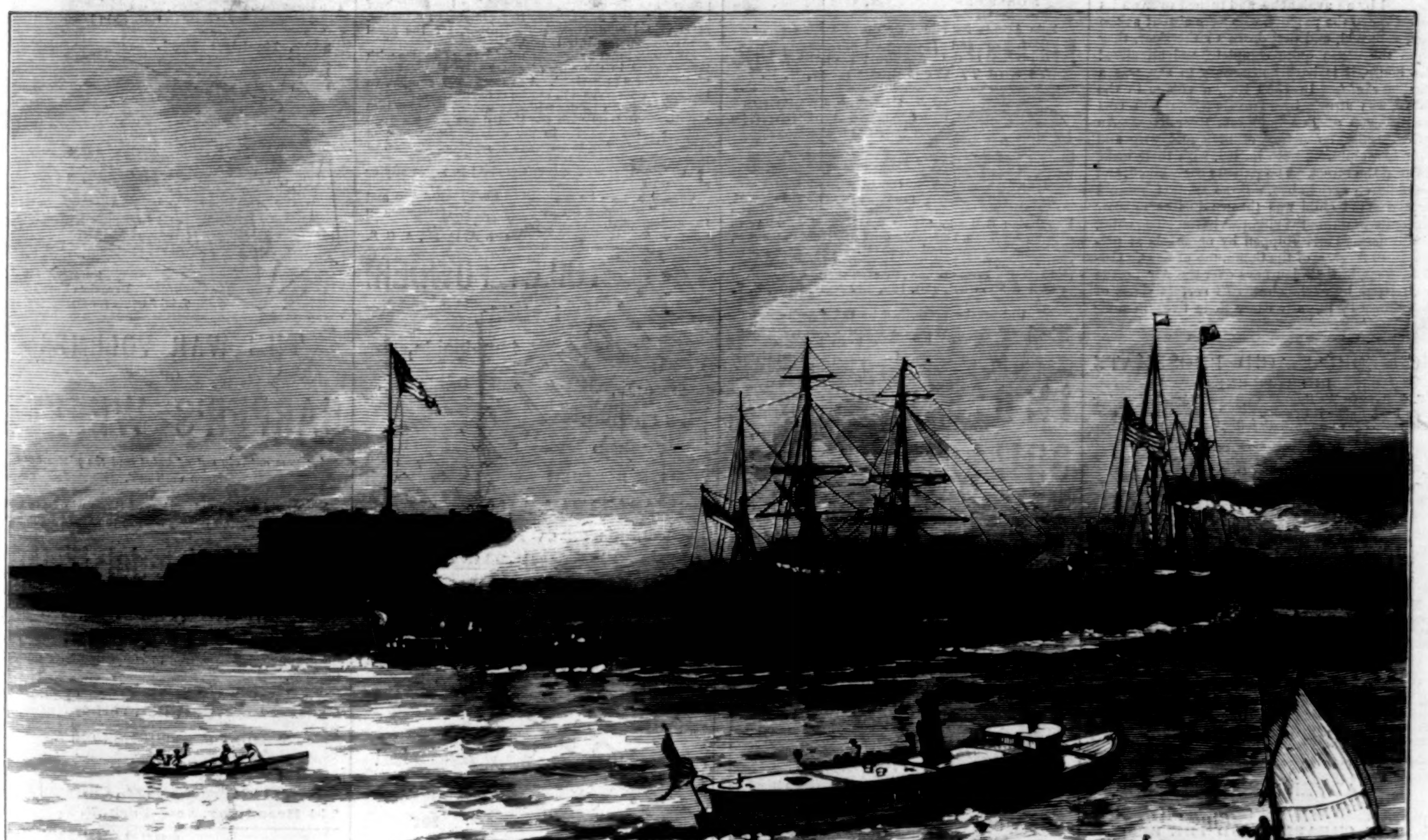
He was appointed Deputy Comptroller by Mr. McCULLOUGH in 1867, and Comptroller five years thereafter by President GRANT. He was re-appointed, without his knowledge, previous to the expiration of his first term, and confirmed by the Senate without reference to any committee. He was appointed to a third term on April 12, 1882. He has had a continuous service of seventeen years in the Comptroller's office, and during his administration his office has not been subjected to any investigation until the recent attack by the shareholders of the Pacific National Bank of Boston, from which he has been fully exonerated by the Committee on Banking and Currency.

One of the leading financial writers of the country says: "The retirement of Mr. JOHN JAY KNOX from the office of Comptroller of the Currency is a loss to the public service of no common kind. The intelligence which he has brought to the complicated duties of his office has never been surpassed in any similar station, and has not been equalled in the particular station which he has so long filled. The national banking system owes much of its present carefulness in detail management to his mastery of all the facts and principles of sound finance. His annual reports embrace perhaps the most complete and satisfactory arrangement of information needful to the business man, the student, and the legislator that has ever been furnished in this country on any economical subject." There is probably no dissent from this opinion in the business community.

The Comptroller, by request, twice accompanied Secretary SHERMAN and Attorney-General DEVENS to New York for the purpose of negotiating United States bonds to provide the means for the resumption of specie payments, and in New York arranged between the bank officers and the Secretary a conference, which was afterward held in the Treasury Department, in the presence of Secretary EVARTS, which resulted in the admission of the Assistant Treasurer to the Clearing-house, and the receipt by the Clearing-house of legal tender notes on an equality with coin in all payments at the time of resumption. He subsequently, by request of President GARFIELD, accompanied Secretary WINDOM and Attorney-General McVEAGH to New York, and arranged a conference between the syndicate and other bank officers, which resulted in the issue and successful negotiation of the three and a half per cent. bonds.

It is well known to Senator SHERMAN and other Senators that the Comptroller was the first choice of the late President GARFIELD for Secretary of the Treasury, and this fact was communicated to him in the presence of another gentleman, to whom the President said that "he was only prevented from carrying out his original purpose by complications which afterward arose in reference to other places in his cabinet."

On his retirement from the office in which he rendered such eminent service to the financial interests of the country, Mr. KNOX accepted the presidency of the National Bank of the Republic, which owns, jointly with the First National Bank of New York, the "United Bank Building," on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway. It is an old institution, originally organized in 1850, and has a capital of $1,500,000, and a surplus of $600,000.



BOUND FOR THE ARCTIC OCEAN—THE DEPARTURE OF THE "THETIS."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

AVALANCHES.

Hardly a season passes in Switzerland that lives are not lost and property destroyed by avalanches. Avalanches fall more or less all the year round, but the *Grundlawinen* of winter and early spring are the most fatal and destructive. The records of such disasters go far back. On the 24th of January, 1459, the Church of St. Placida, at Dissentis, and the manor-house of Gastlon were destroyed, and sixteen persons killed. A few days thereafter two avalanches broke simultaneously above Trrus (between Dissentis and Chur). Coming together in the Puntaiglasthal, they formed one *Lawine*, and flew over wood and wild, leaving death and desolation in their wake, as far as the valley of the Vorder Rhein.

In 1695 two goat-herds of Churwalden, going home after milking their goats, with their milk tins on their backs, were struck down by an avalanche. The tin of one of them broke, and the warm milk, running over his head and down his neck, melted the snow from his mouth and nostrils, so that he could breathe. When disinterred, a few hours later, he was alive, while his companion, whose tin had not broken, was dead. In 1695 a peasant of Soglio (Graubünden), hearing the roar of a coming avalanche, threw himself under the lee of a wall. The wall saved him from being suffocated or crushed, and he succeeded in freeing himself; but in the struggle his garments got filled with snow, and the snow outside freezing that inside, he was incased in a panoply of ice, and had the greatest difficulty in getting home. Before undressing he had to be thawed.

In 1709, when Leukerbad was swept by an avalanche, whereby fifty-five of its inhabitants lost their lives, a youth of the name of Stephen Roth took refuge in a cellar, and remained there eight days without food or drink. He had quite given himself up for lost, when he thought he heard a sound as of spades shovelling away snow. On this Roth struck up a psalm, and went on singing until he attracted the attention of the rescue party, who thereupon dug down to the cellar, and set him free.

Avalanches play strange pranks sometimes. In 1806 an avalanche at Calancathal, in the Grisons, carried a wood bodily from one side of the valley to the other, and left it standing there; a pine-tree was planted on the roof of the parsonage; and the villagers were provided with firewood for many a year without the trouble of fetching it. In 1824 fifty-two sledges, while journeying through the Scaletta Pass to Davos, were buried under a *Schneeschild*, and the wind of it sent the drivers and passengers spinning through the air as if they had been shot from a mortar. The snow being fortunately loose and powdery, and the alighting soft, nobody was much hurt. In March, 1824, a house in Aloerthal, in which were twelve children, was overwhelmed by an avalanche, and turned over on its side. When the parents, who were absent at the time, returned, and dug down to the door, they found the dozen quite complete, and all alive! The house, it is hardly necessary to say, was a wooden *chalet*. In 1869 Biel, a village in the Valais, was struck by an avalanche, which cost twenty-seven of its inhabitants their lives. An entire family, consisting of man and wife and their four children, were hurled, with their beds, out into the street. The parents were killed, and the children saved alive. From another house a three-year-old child was thrown in like manner without sustaining the slightest harm. The child, now a man—Peter Ruppen by name—is at present head forester of the Commune of Saas. Cattle-drovers, in their journeys over the Alps, often fall victims by avalanches. At certain times of the year they literally carry their lives in their hands.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

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S. S. Parker, Wellington, O., says: "While crossing Lake Erie, I gave it to some passengers who were sea-sick, and it gave immediate relief."—[*Adv.*]

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Softens the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

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The Royal Baking Powder will also make sweet, white bread from an inferior quality of flour, a property possessed by no other leavening agent. Thus, much flour that is dark in color, or from other cause is considered below the finer grades, and therefore much cheaper, can be utilized and turned into a perfectly sweet and wholesome bread. Nor can bitter bread ever result from the use of too much, or more than the required quantity, of Royal Baking Powder; as, whether used in small or large quantities, its proportions are in such exact equivalents that they always neutralize each other. Bread made in this way does not require mixing over night, but may be prepared ready for the oven in a few minutes; an advantage that will be readily appreciated by every housekeeper.

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Anæmia, Nausea,
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The successful bidder will be required to enter into a written contract with the United States with good and approved security in the sum of five thousand dollars ($5000), within ten days after being notified of the acceptance of his proposal.

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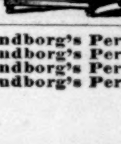

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